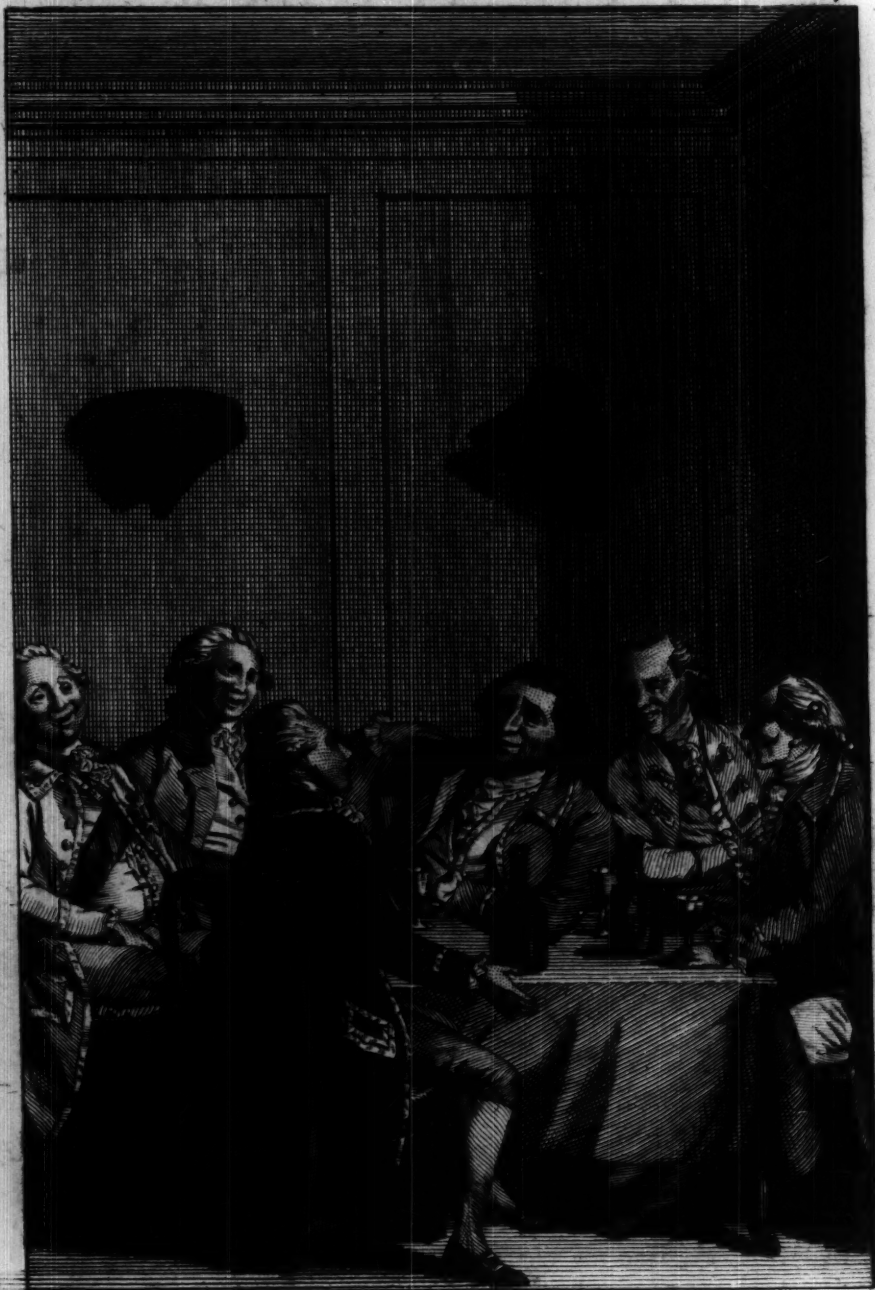


THE WITS OF THE AGE.

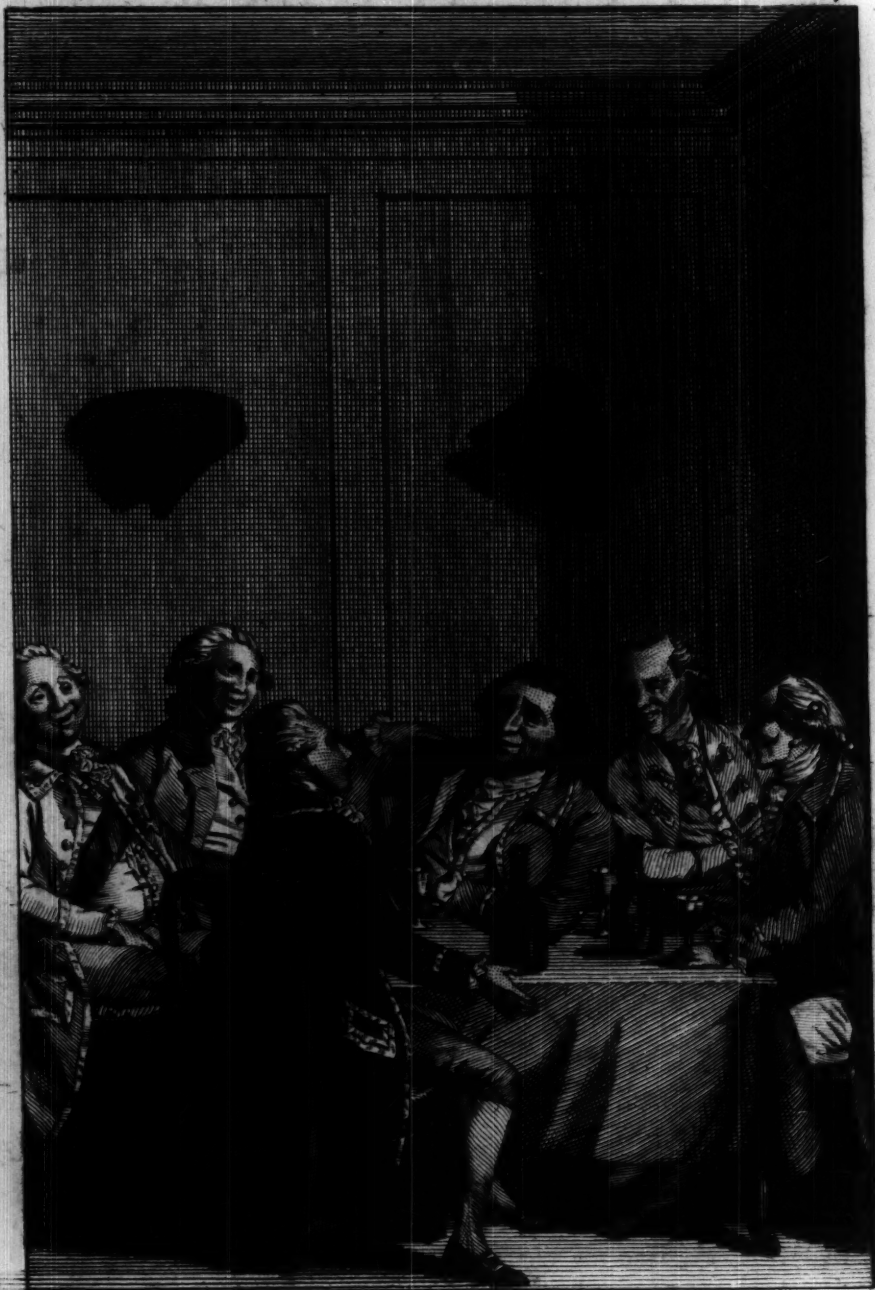


Charles Fox & his Merry Companions.

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THE WITS OF THE AGE.



Charles Fox & his Merry Companions.

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— OR THE NEW —
LONDON JESTER;

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OF THE

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A new Edition



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WIT'S MUSEUM;
Or, THE NEW
LONDON JESTER.

CHARLES FOX, during the late contested election for Westminster, went into a Sadler's shop to solicit a vote, when the master, who was strong in the interest of Sir Cecil Wray, shewed him a halter, saying, if that was wanted, it was much at his service. — O, *by no means*, says Charles, *it may serve as a family piece in your own family*.

When Lord John Murray was quartered with his regiment of Highlanders in Dublin, reviewing them in the park near that city, on a windy day, the Irish ladies turned up their noses with a pish; this so irritated the noble commander, who thought the honour of his country was in question, that he ordered his men up a hill, the ladies being at the bottom — '*To the right about*;' said Lord John, giving the word of command; the regiment wheeled, and brought their rear full upon

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the front of the ladies—'Ground your arms,' said Lord John. The Highlanders grounded their arms, and the *manœuvre* obliged them to stoop—'Now ye mai turn up your noses, pish, and be d—d,' said Lord John.

A late executioner, who had a dressy wife, sent her on business to the Sheriff, who being out, Mrs. Ketch was introduced to his lady; but Mrs. Sheriff being informed who she was, said with great warmth to her servant, 'How dare you let the hangman's wife into my presence?' 'You do me too much honour, madam, (said Mrs. Ketch) *you* are the hangman's wife; I am only spouse to his deputy.'

Anecdote of the late Prince of Wales, and of his present Majesty, when Prince George.—Goupee, an excellent artist, was in high favour with the late Prince of Wales, and he daily attended his Royal Highness to paint pictures on such subjects as he should dictate. One morning, upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester-House, 'Come, Goupee (said the Prince) sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject.' Goupee, perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty) a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his royal displeasure. 'Come out then George (said the good-natured Prince) Goupee has released you.' When Goupee was eighty-four and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, who was the object of his delight when young; he therefore put himself in the King's fight at Kensington, where he lived. At length the King stopped his coach, and called him to him. 'How do you do Goupee?' (said the King) and asked him if he had sufficient to live upon? 'Little enough, indeed (answered Goupee) and as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go into one.'—His Majesty was graciously pleased to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed only a few weeks, dying soon after.

A gentle-

A gentleman in the boxes observed, that Mrs. Kennedy's boots were of the *Cordovan cut*—An Hibernian denied the *premises*. 'My soul (says he) but the *boot* is true *Buckinger cut*—this Buckinger, my dear, was a fellow who had neither *hands* nor *feet*.'

The following Canterbury tale may be relied on as a fact.—In the Duke of Dorset's park, at Knowle, near Seven Oaks, in Kent, a man and his wife, who came into that county hopping, quarrelled; and being somewhat in liquor, they came to blows. After the heat of passion was over, the man was so much vexed at what he had done, that he hung himself on the arm of a tree, with a cord which he had about his waist. The wife perceiving this, jumped up from the ground, and going to her husband, said, 'By the blessing of God I'll do part of the *hangman's office*;' and she pulled the legs of her dying husband with all her strength, ever and anon saying, 'you *shan't* be disappointed deary.' The force with which she pulled broke the cord, and down he tumbled. After lying some time on the ground, he recovered, and the wife relating to him the assistance she gave, he knocked her down, tied the cord together which his neck broke, and putting it about her's, he tied her up to the arm of the very same tree, where she hung until she expired. The man has since been taken up, and confessed the fact.

When Lord Northington was chancellor, a barrister who is now a peer, made a very long, desultory speech; the junior counsel rising to follow him, said, 'My lord, I am of the same side.' 'And which side is that?' (said the chancellor) 'For the blood of me I can't tell.'

A young woman being on Tower-hill to see the fireworks on his Majesty's birth-day, was complaining of her shortness, a young man offered her a stand on his shoulders. 'Then (says she) you cannot see the fireworks.' 'True (said he) but I shall see the *water-works*.'

Colonel Mordaunt says, that a *gap* in chastity is like a *chasm* in a young tree, always *widening*.

A brisk young sempstress having outwitted many an airy fop, and sparkish gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this manner. A town-shift, in very good habit, coming into her shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable parcel of linen: and then pausing, said, 'Oh! I'd like to forgot one thing: *I want a shirt of the largest make; it is not for myself, but for one as big again.*' She shewed him thereupon several, but he complained they were too strait; and she then shewed another, which he seemed to like, saying, '*Pray, madam, do me the favor to slip it over your own cloaths;*' which, to please and humour so good a customer, she did: then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder lappets with two large pins, thro' all her cloaths to the hinder part of her smock; then snatching the linen he had bargained for off the counter, out he ran; she thereupon followed him, crying, 'Stop him! stop him!' and hastily going to pull the shirt over her ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a garment, *she with it drew up all her cloaths, and expos'd her naked posteriors to the public;* and so ran on, till pulling to get off the shirt; whilst some matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind; which gave the sharper an opportunity to run cleverly off with his booty.

A gentleman who was giving directions for placing a great number of pictures, among which was his own, said,—'Well, hang this picture near the window; that by the glass; this uncle of mine shall be *hanged in the corner;* and here, *fronting the door in the middle,* I'll be *hang'd myself.*'

The news papers in Dublin, in consequence of a stamp-duty having been raised, and a gentleman of that country being informed that they would be a halfpenny dearer the next day. Why then faith, says he, *give me two this day, as one shall serve for to morrow.*'

A dumb beggar, travelling the country, with a long account fastened to his breast, setting forth that he had been taken by a Barbary corsair, been a slave in the galleys ; and lastly, had his tongue cut out in Turkey ; from whence, at last, with much difficulty, he made his escape to Europe ; and coming to England, all his friends being dead, he had no means to get a livelihood but the generous donations of tender-hearted christians. This mendicant stopped about noon at a shoe-maker's shop, the master of which gave him a penny, and made signs to him to come in and sit down (for he pretended to be deaf as well as dumb) which he did ; the master then going into another room to dinner, left him in the shop with the apprentice.

As soon as the master's back was turned, Mr. Dummy got up, and placing himself just before the boy, leaned out of the window to survey those who passed by : the boy could not see to do his work he stood so in his light ; to speak to him he knew was vain, as he thought he could not hear ; however, imagining he had not lost the sense of feeling, the boy stooped down, and ran the awl into his leg ; as soon as the dumb man felt the smart, he clapped his hand to the wound, and began to swear with a most audible voice. — The boy, hearing this, ran with all speed to the other room, crying, *' master ! master ! behold a miracle ! I have done more than all the doctors in the world could do ; I have fetch'd the dumb man's tongue out of Turkey, and put it in his head again.'*

The shoemaker, who generously intended to have given him a dinner, finding he was an impostor, changed his mind, and well lathered his back with stirrup oil, with which he was obliged to be contented.

A very honest gentleman, though a little choleric, was one day, in crossing the street, scandalously bespattered by a drunken fellow employed in filling a mud-cart. In the first transport of his anger, he resolved to chastise the insolence of this plebeian. A grave, elderly

shopkeeper, perceiving his intention by his looks, stepped up and accosted him to this effect; 'Take my advice, Sir, and put up with the small damage you have received; when the dirt is dry, it will rub out. That fellow is a public nuisance, and has, in his drunkenness, bespattered the first men in the kingdom. Should you throw him into his own cart, you cannot make him more black, more filthy, and more contemptible than he is already; whereas you may be wretchedly daubed in the operation. If you let him alone, he will soon fall into the hands of the constable or beadle of the parish.' The gentleman shook his discreet counsellor by the hand, thanked him for his wholesome advice, and walked away with great tranquillity.

A printer, a pickled dog, that used to mind the pot more than the press, rambling out one night, strolled into Gravel-lane, when seeing a man imbed with a woman, roared out pot-valiant—*Dam me, sir, turn out!* which the man, being one of the light-fingered order, and seeing Type's new cloaths, being holiday ones he had on, coolly turned out, and rigged himself in the Printer's new cloaths, and marched off.—Type waking in the morning, missed his cloaths, and having found the man, had him before Justice Wilmot.—The Printer charged a robbery, the man pleaded an exchange.—You took my wife, and I have your cloaths.—It was by way of exchange. On which his worship was pleased to dismiss the parties, advising the Printer to be cautious of other men's wives; and the cuckold of other mens cloaths—or the next exchange for both parties might be to Bridewell.

It happened that four gentlemen, going to Bow's Farm, on the New River, a-fishing; after they had diverted themselves for some time, they retired to a public house to get some refreshment; and on enquiring what they had got for dinner, were told, nothing but a boiled calf's head and bacon; they were satisfied, as

there were only the landlord and his wife, and themselves, which they thought would be sufficient, and accordingly called for some liquor, and sat down contentedly to wait for their dinner.

Soon after came in four more gentlemen, who were likewise out on the same occasion, who enquiring after dinner, received the same answer as the four former had done; and that there were only four other gentlemen to dine with them, but that the head was a large one, though they were well assured, that one calf's head could not be enough for 8 or 10 persons, yet as there was nothing else to be had, they were obliged to put up with it.

When dinner was ready, they were introduced into the room where the four first were, who were much surprized at seeing them, and chagrined at the thoughts of being deprived of one half of their dinner, though the landlord told them, that he hoped there would be enough, as he and his wife would make shift with bread and cheese. However, the eight gentlemen seated themselves, each with envious looks against his neighbour, as if he would cut his fingers, if he presumed to interfere with him in cutting first — Dinner being placed on table, one of the four last comers stood up to say grace, and pulling his hands out of his pockets, and closing them together, extended his arms, holding his hands directly over the dish, and muttered a long something, by way of grace, the rest being too mannerly to disturb him, and devoutly holding their hats before their faces, which gave him a better opportunity of dropping a few of his gentiles over the meat; grace being ended, he very complaisantly offered the dish to the first comers to help themselves, as their right; when one of them spying the gentiles crawling on the head, turned up his nose, and refused to touch it, as did his three companions; while the four last, who were all in the secret, helped themselves and eat heartily, leaving the others to dine upon bread and cheese with the landlord, while they enjoyed a fine calf's head, bacon and greens, by their friend's stratagem.

Some gentlemen travelling through a little village alighted at one of the petty inns common in those places: they went in, and asked the landlord, what wines he had? He, like the great lordly landlords, answered, '*All sorts, please your honour;*' but when they ask'd for any particular wine, he had every sort but that they requested. They at last found out that all his various wine consisted in that made from the elder-berry. The weather being very cold, they relished the hot wine so well, that they called for a *bottle of ditto*.—The waiter runs to his master, and acquainting him with the request of the gentlemen, scratched his ears, he knowing he had but one sort of wine;) he therefore told his man to take another bottle of the same, saying, '*very like they might not find it out.*' The waiter accordingly takes them a bottle of the same, which they drinking, they call'd for '*ditto repeated.*' The waiter again goes to his master, more puzzled than before, but his master having no other way to extricate himself out of this fresh difficulty, tells his man to endeavour to impose on them again, as he hoped the strength of the wine they had drank, they would not be able to distinguish the cheat.—When the gentlemen were going, they requested a bill of their reckoning; which being brought, they were much surprized at finding charg'd, "*A bottle of elder-wine 1s.—One bottle of Ditto wine 2s.—And one bottle of Ditto Repeated 3s.*" They demanding the reason of so extraordinary a charge, the landlord acquainted them, that '*Ditto, and Ditto repeated wines* being foreign, he could not afford them for less."

A very agreeable lady of the name of *Riggs*, being last season at Margate, in a house with six others, and only one gentleman to attend the whole, when on regretting that they had not more of the male creation, says a sprightly lady, one of the party,—if we complain of not being well manned, I am sure we are well *rigged*.

An Oxford Scholar, being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, that he could never rise before dinner: being ask'd how he liked the place, he said, "*well enough, but that there were no forenoons in it.*"

The Marquis of Graham's bill, relative to the Scotch dress, would have been productive of many and very disagreeable consequences among that ancient people; a people of their rights tenacious to the last! The Highlanders, according to several learned Scotch historians, have a prescription to shew their *posteriors*, which they can trace *a posteriori*, not only beyond the legal limits of prescription, which goes only to that time beyond which the memory of man cannot go, but up to the Romans.

Speech of Lawyer Brief 'My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—' I here are a set of men in the world, of such a tedious, tiresome, trifling, troublesome habitude, temper, and disposition of mind, that they perplex, confound, entangle, and puzzle, every circumstance in every cause which they undertake to protect, defend, and justify. Instead of coming to the point, matter, business, or debate, they deviate, vary, waver, and fly off therefrom. When we expect truth, satisfaction, conviction, and decision, we find, perceive, observe, and remark, nothing but uncertainty, ambiguity, doubtfulness, and difficulty. This, my lord, I humbly apprehend, conceive, think, presume, and surmise, is owing to tediousness and prolixity; the nature, genius, and extent of which, I shall consider, weigh, examine, expiscate, and scrutinize. In the first place then, I shall shew, prove, and demonstrate, the nature of tediousness and prolixity, by shewing, proving, and demonstrating, that there is nothing so unnatural; for the business of a tongue, utterance, speech, or language, is to come to the point, argument, contemplation, or question, at once, point blank, slap dash, and concisely, without any prevarication, equivocation, retardation, or circumbendibus whatsoever. And now, in the second, succeeding, following place, point, and preliminary, I come to promulgate the genius of tediousness and prolixity; which is done, effected, performed, and brought about, by manifesting that they have no genius at all; and so far from any men of ge-

thus making use of them, none but your egregious, absurd, ridiculous dolts, dunderheads, and blockheads, ever admit, acknowledge, receive, or embrace, any such notions, ideas, maxims, principles, or tenets. Thirdly, my lord, I beg leave, according to order, form, series, and succession, to animadvert upon the extent of tediousness and prolixity; and this is managed by demonstrating, that it is infinite and without bounds, and consequently can have no extent at all. And now, my lord, I will open the cause, spring, origin, fountain, rise, and foundation, of these vices, which is tautology; which is the speaking, saying, delivering, uttering, pronouncing, divulging, declaring, remarking, observing, repeating, or expressing, the same identical, individual thing, an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, and an hundred, hundred, hundred times over. And now, my lord, I beg leave, pardon, permission, and sufferance, to lay down only six and fifty particulars; every particular, my lord, shall consist of only seventy two divisions; every division shall comprehend, contain, and consist of only eighty-two sub-divisions; every sub-division shall be concluded with the six and fortieth article; and every article shall consume, expend, and cost, no more than an hour and a half.

Here the court was out of all manner of patience; and the Judge, with great indignation, put a period to a discourse, which, if the lawyer's tongue had been immortal, might have lasted to all eternity.

Two chairmen carrying a petit maitre, had scarce proceeded with their precious load the length of two streets, when a butcher met them full butt, with two calves slung round his neck. '*By your leave!*' cries the chairman. '*Remember the proverb* (replies Cleaver) *the weakest to the wall!*' and claps his shoulders to the rails. This obstinacy of the butcher was productive of some little altercation, too gross for repetition, which terminated in a battle; in which the chairmen were worsted, the chair overset, the fine gentleman frightened

out of his seven senses, his little finger excoriated, his tender frame quite disjointed by the violent concussion of the fall, and his powdered pericranium so discomposed, that he could not think of proceeding in his visit that day. The chairmen having by this time called others to their assistance, secured the butcher, and having sent for a constable, and given him charge of the delinquent, they all proceeded together to the house of Justice Funnigig, in order to have Cleaver punished according to his demerits.

The Justice having heard what the plaintiffs had to alledge against the defendant Cleaver, asked him, in his turn, whether he had any thing to offer in his own justification. 'Will your worship's worship be pleased to grant me leave to ask your worship one question, (quoth Cleaver) by which, an't please your worship, I trust I shall be able to convince your worship's worship, that my accusers have got the wrong sown by the ear?'

—'Ask, (replied the Justice) but be brief.'—'Suppose (resumed Cleaver) that I should be carrying two calves, as I was to-day, an't please your worship, and I happen to meet two other butchers, carrying each a calf; am I to give way to them, or are they to give way to me?'

—'They to you, certainly, (replies the Justice) for their load being lighter than your's, it is but reasonable that they should make way for you, who cannot so readily get out of their way.'—'Why, then (cries the butcher) surely, if these two butchers, with a calf apiece, ought to make way for me, who am laden with two; by a much stronger reason, those two chairmen ought to have done so, who were carrying but one calf between them, and that a poor consumptive thing not worth ten shillings.'—

Funnigig, who was a man of humour himself, and loved to cherish it in others, burst into a loud laugh, in which his clerk joined him heartily, nor could the chairmen refrain from following their example. Poor Spruce was put quite out of countenance, and thought it more eligible to hop down stairs, and expose his delicate person to the inclemency of the weather, than to bear the brunt of their raillery. Funnigig, who was a free, open-hearted soul, ordered a cann of his best ale to

be brought up, in which he advised the Butcher and Chairmen to drown all animosities.

A French Count crossing Fleet street one day, who seemed immoderately addicted to the use of snuff, a chimney-sweeper ran up to him, and asked him, if he should have the honour to sweep his chimney; which Monsieur taking as an insult, called him some ugly French name, on which, without any more to do, the chimney-sweeper tripped up his heels, and shewed Monsieur Ericassée the wit and liberty of an Englishman.

Law anecdote.] A rich old country neighbour, of the late Counsellor Fazakerley, who had often endeavoured to steal his advice, taking an opportunity one day, in the course of a morning's ride, to ask his opinion upon a point of some consequence; he gave it very fully, positively, and explicitly upon the business: but some time afterwards, the Squire coming to the other's chambers in London in a great hurry, says, "Zounds, Mr. Fazakerley! I have lost four or five thousand pounds by your advice."—"By my advice, neighbour! how so? (replied Fazakerley.) 'Why, you were in the wrong in the opinion you gave me relative to the mayor of S——.'" "My opinion! (says the Counsellor, turning to one of his books;) 'I don't remember giving you any opinion on the subject; I don't remember having had any such thing before me; I see nothing of it in my book.'"—"Book! No (says the other) it was as we were riding out together at Preston, last summer."—"O! (says the Counsellor) I remember it now; but that was only my travelling opinion; and to tell you truly, neighbour, my opinion is never to be relied upon, unless the case appears in my see-book!!"

Anecdote of the celebrated Dean Swift.] Soon after he was made Dean of St. Patrick's, he had dined with Dr. Raymond at Trim, a little town near Dublin, of which the Doctor was vicar. The bell having rung,

and the people assembled for prayers, Swift offered the Doctor a wager of a guinea, that he would begin prayers before him at the church, which was distant about a hundred yards. The other accepted the wager, and both immediately ran as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much the nimbler man, arrived first at the door, and on entering walked decently towards the reading-desk; Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the aisle, left Dr. Raymond behind in the middle of it, and stepping into the desk without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win his wager.

The late David Garrick, and Mr. Rigby, being walking by a country house, the latter observed written over the door, '*Hagoes korred here;*' By what method, (says he) can these poor people cure agues? '*Not by a spell, you may swear,*' says Garrick.

A Traveller is allowed to lie. The following account was given us by a mighty traveller, who came into the world with his feet foremost, as the gossips told him. At fifteen years of age I entered on board the good ship *Golden Ass*, Captain Story, bound for the Coast of Guinea. In less than three weeks from our leaving the Land's End, we approached the line; and the line was not to be crossed without ceremony; I was one of those who had never been washed under a perpendicular sun; and as I did not chuse to pay forfeit, or perhaps was not able, I was let down from the ship by a rope affixed to my middle, and left to scramble in the liquid element. A huge shark perceiving me in this situation, immediately made up; and, turning on its back before I could give a signal of my danger, swallowed me up, without imprinting on my form the marks of its voracious teeth. On this occasion, I am certain I need not endeavour to excite the compassion of my readers by the powers of eloquence; for the most unfeeling will shudder at reflection

tion on my fate. I had, when at school, heard of Jonah's being in the whale's belly; where, as he might be supposed to find room enough to chew a quid of tobacco, or take a pinch of snuff, his situation was infinitely preferable to mine; but, as for me, being cooped up in the narrow guts of a shark, I was ready to be suffocated; and certainly should have given up the ghost, had I not easily perceived my messmates pulling the rope with all their might, which in a short time brought my landlord, the shark, to the surface of the water; and a harpoon being ready, he was instantly dispatched. The creature being quickly opened, I was taken out alive: and, lo! marvellous to behold! in the maw of this terrible animal was found a pair of old breeches, with a gold watch in the fob, which our captain had inadvertently thrown overboard in a former voyage. The recovery of this watch, more than the danger I had undergone, ingratiated me with the captain in a wonderful manner. I was introduced into the cabin; and, as I was discovered to possess some address, and an aptitude to conform to every command, reasonable or unreasonable, I met with all possible indulgence, and was treated with the greatest confidence.

A tradesman being invited to a corporation feast, congratulated the Corporation on being so well represented. 'Aye, says the Mayor, my Lord — knows how to cater; if he did not stand our friend, we might be plagued with every shabby rascal offering his service; but they all know our provider, and so we have none but downright gentlemen.' He then took the liberty to ask, if his lordship on other occasions was so very attentive to the interests of the borough. 'Very much so, indeed, (replied the mayor) he makes none but his own tradesmen, and old faithful servants, members of the Corporation; and never forgets us in the venison season.'

He told his worship, that he thought them the happiest Corporation he had ever seen: that they seemed all of a piece, no animosities, no contentions, among them;

them; and then distantly hinted how fatal it might prove for the liberty of this country if the intended reform in the representation should take place. 'As for that, (says the Mayor) we are not at all afraid; we have always acted on constitutional ground, and have near fifty freemen; but as for those shabby boroughs who have no constant patron, and few voters, and are always plaguing the House of Commons about their contested elections, I think, for my part, they run great risk of being *diffrenchified*; and, egad! it is but right.'

A minister catechising his parishioners, among the rest called up a woman of more confidence than judgment, and asked her, Who died for her. "Pray, sir, (says she) let me alone with your taunts!" He told her that this was no matter of taunting; so asked her the same question again. "Sir, (replied she) I have been an honest housekeeper these twenty years, and methinks it does not become a man of your coat to mock me at this rate."——'What do'st mean, woman? (replies the parson) I do not mock you; I ask you who died for you?' "Then, (cries she) if you will have the truth, in plain English, *I was once so handsome that as many would have died for me as for any of your daughters, as saucy as you are.*"

A few evenings ago, when the passengers got into the stage coach at Cobham, in the county of Surry, they found that one of the corners had been some time occupied by a man who seemed to be asleep, with his hands folded before him, and his hat drawn over his face. The other five passengers, after some time, entered into conversation, and observed, that this man still slept on, and took no notice of any thing that was either said or done.—In this manner they travelled all night. In the morning, at breakfast time, one of his fellow-travellers civilly addressed him, and desired he would accompany them, but no answer being returned, they left him to his meditations. After breakfast, when the coachman had swallowed a glass or two of brandy,

brandy, one of the gentlemen said to him, ' *You have put us along with a very sulky fellow, for he will neither enter into conversation, or answer when spoken to.* — ' *I should wonder if he did* (replied the coachman) *as he was hung two days ago for horse-stealing, and is now going up to a surgeon in London.*'

A painter whose name was Green, and whose wife was far advanced in her pregnancy; some persons were mentioning 'how Mrs. Green swelled.' 'O, replied another, *it is no wonder, as her husband has poisoned her with green paint.*'

A person ringing at a bell, an Irishman opened the door, and asking, if any one was at home, 'No, replied the man, *no one but the maid, and she is gone to church.*'

The Countess of H—g—n, of pious memory, has invented a new devise for a garter, which shews her piety and benevolence; the line wove in them is the following. ' *Set your affections on things above.*'

Anecdote of the celebrated Rabelais.] The Cardinal de Bislay, to whom Rabelais was a domestic physician, being troubled with a hypochondriac disorder, a consultation of physicians was summoned, who contented themselves with prescribing in general terms, *that opening remedies should be administered.* Rabelais instantly retiring, ordered a huge fire to be got ready in the yard, with one of the largest kettles, into which, filled with water, he threw all the keys he could find or borrow. He then stripped himself to his doublet, and began to stir them about with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not be completely boiled. The Doctors coming down, were equally surprized at the apparatus, and at the diligence of Rabelais, and enquired into the meaning of the process. ' *I am about your prescription, gentlemen; keys are certainly the best openers in the world.*'

An act is going to be brought forward in the next
sessions

sessions of Parliament, enacting, " That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after the passing of such act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's liege subjects, by the contrivance, help, means, and use of perfumes, scents, paint, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heel'd shoes, bolster'd hips, or cork rumps, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against *witchcraft, sorcery*, and such like misdemeanors; and that the marriage, upon conviction, do stand null and void, such deceptions being now the rage of the town."

During a quarrel in the boxes at the Haymarket Theatre, one Friday, which began a short time after Othello had smothered Desdemona, some person cried out *fire*. This not only alarmed the audience, but had such an effect on Miss Wollery, who performed *Desdemona*, that she instantly got upright in the bed to see what was the matter; at which a wit from the gallery said aloud.—'Do you call this a *Tragedy*? Why, d—me, it is the *farce* of *Dead alive*!'

An Irish sailor looking at the dance at *Otabeite*, cried out to Dr. Solander, "you need go no farther, Doctor; for you have now seen *the transit of Venus*."

The *merry-thought*, or breast-protuberance, the dress of the ladies, was borrowed from *the crop* of a *pouting pigeon*.

Anecdote of Voltaire.] When the Philosopher of *Ferney* was in England, he was highly caressed by all the Nobility, but by none more than the late Earl of Chesterfield.—His Lordship gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accused the bard of inattention, when he failed to dine with him.—Voltaire frequently excused himself in the politest terms, but being pressed somewhat hardly on the occasion by his Lordship one day at White's, he replied with some affect, *petit*,

perity, 'My Lord, I always consider it as a singular honor to be in company with a Nobleman of your lordship's genius and ability; but really, my Lord, when I find how much you lower yourself by entertaining sharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment, but cannot degrade my abilities by such an association.'—His Lordship turning on his heel, retorted, '*J'aime l'esprit, même quand je le prouve d'un coquin.*'—Voltaire did not rejoin.

A young English lady in one of the monasteries at Paris, in the midst of the very ceremony of taking the veil, shrunk from her resolution.—On being asked, whether it was through her own inclination she was going to take the habit of the holy order, she very faintly answered *Yes*. On the Priest addressing her in these terrific terms, '*Aurez vous assez de courage, pour embrasser les travaux et les austérités de cet ordre?*' 'Will you have sufficient courage to embrace the labors and austerities of this order?' she answered emphatically, "*No!*"—which was pronounced to the astonishment of the Priest, and her relations, who were very much disgusted at her conduct. She was a smart, and pretty girl.

Anecdote]—When Inigo Jones returned to England, he was made Surveyor of the Board of Works; and, as if architecture was not all he had learned at Rome, with an air of Roman disinterestedness he gave up the profits of his office, which he found extremely in debt, and prevailed on the Comptroller and Paymaster to do the same, till the whole arrears was discharged.—What an example!

Foreign Anecdote of a Grocer, at St. Germain en Laye.
—Monsi. St. Gilie was the most famous ventriloquist France ever produced. The Abbe la Chapelle, a very ingenious man, and Fellow of our Royal Society, went to hear this celebrated person, and being seated in the same room, and in sight of Monsi. St. Gilie, but so as to see only his profile, the Abbe heard himself called for by name, first from the top of the opposite house, then

then from the cellar beneath; and, in short, from every direction. Though he knew from whose mouth the voice proceeded, yet he could not perceive that St. Gille uttered a single word; but the most laughable circumstance was, that St. Gille, who was a fellow of humour, being driven by a storm into a religious house, and finding it in mourning for a deceased brother, on going to see their Chapel, attended by the Prior and other members, a voice was heard from the roof of the church, just over where the remains of their departed brother was buried, complaining from Purgatory, that they had not sufficiently prayed for the deliverance of his soul. Alarmed at this extraordinary notice, the whole fraternity were collected in the church, and a second reproof being given, they instantly chaunted a *de profundis*, while the ghost occasionally, during the intervals, acknowledged the benefits his soul received.

A Kentish-town singular circumstance.—A Sparrow was observed to take possession of the nest of a martin, who instantly flew to complain of the injury, and to get proper assistance to expel the little usurper. He returned, accompanied by near an hundred others, but the sparrow placing himself in the nest, opposed his bill at the entrance, and proved superior to all their efforts; after some time the martins flew away, and were supposed to have forsaken the charge, but very shortly returned, each bearing in his bill a portion of that moistened earth with which they build their nests; each deposited artfully his burden at the entrance, which was still defended by the obstinate little intruder, and thus, since he would not be expelled, blocked him up and left him to perish.

A young man assured a young lady that he would do any thing to serve her. 'If I was poor and necessitous,' said the lady, I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner.' 'Indeed, madam, I would not,' replied Tom, *for if you was naked I would cover you.*

Anecdotes of Dorion, a celebrated musician] Dorion is mentioned by Plutarch as a flute player, who had made several changes in the music of his time, and who was head of a sect of performers, that militated against another sect of practical musicians, of which Antigenides was the chief; a proof that these two masters were cotemporaries and rivals. Dorion, though much celebrated as a great musician, and poet, by Athenæus, is better known to posterity as a voluptuary. Both his music and poetry are lost; however, many of his pleasantries are preserved. Being at Milo, a city of Egypt, and not able to procure a lodging, he enquired of a Priest, who was sacrificing in a chapel, to what divinity it was dedicated, who answered, *'To Jupiter and Neptune.'*—*'How should I be able,* says Dorion, *'to get a lodging in a place where even the gods are obliged to lie double?'* Supping one night with Nicoereon, in the island of Cyprus, and admiring a rich gold cup that was placed on the side-board, *'The goldsmith will make you just such another,* replied the Prince, *'whenever you please!'*—*'He will obey your orders much better than mine,* Sir, says Dorion, *'so let me have that, and do you best seek another!'*

On hearing the description of a tempest in the Nauplius of Timotheus, Dorion said, *'he had seen a much better in a boiling cauldron.'*

Having lost a large shoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being violently swelled by the gout. *'The only harm I wish the thief,* said he, *is, that my shoe may fit him.'*—This, it may be observed, would be a strange accident at a modern feast; but will not appear extraordinary, when we consider that it was then the custom to eat in a reclining posture, and that all the guests pulled off their shoes, that the couches might not be dirtied.

The wit and talents of Dorion made amends for his gluttony, and he was a welcome guest wherever he went.

Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleasure, and ensure mirth and conviviality, used frequently to invite him, with Aristonicus the iharist.

Speech

Says a man (having a candle in his hand) ' By this candle, wife, I dream'd this night that thou madest me a cuckold.' She having a piece of bread in her hand, said ' By this bread but I did not.' ' Eat the bread (says he). ' No (says she) *eat you the candle, for you swore first.*'

A wife Barber having been to trim a gentleman at night, was bid to take *a candle and light himself down stairs*; which having taken and lighted himself, he orderly brought it up again, returning thanks; and *so went down stairs again in the dark.*

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially in that point. ' Well, says the priest to him, *because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself.*' This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the Priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession; so when she comes to him, and after many simple questions that he asked her, she confessed to him, *that she had only lain with three men, that was a young man, an old man, and a Fryar;* so he came home, as he thought, undiscovered; as he was at work, he would often be crying, ' the young man, the old man, and the fryar.' ' Troth, husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess so to him. for I did so, ' *I lay with a young man, an old man, and a Fryer; and yet, husband, these three are but one; for I lay with you when you were a young man, and I lie with you now you are an old man, and are not you the Fryar which I made my confession to?* Therefore all these three were only you, my dear husband.' Is it so, my honest and chaste wife? — Well, by my faith, thou hast given me such great satisfaction in point of thy honesty, that I should be both fool and knave to question it any more.

Three gentlemen being met over a bottle, whose names were *Strange*, *Moor*, and *Wright*; and after several smart things had passed between them, *Wright* began the following tripliciti joke:—Says he, ‘*Here are three married men in company, and but one cuckold, and that is Strange!*’—‘*Yes* (replied *Strange* immediately) *there is one More!*’—‘*Ay, egad* (cries *More* directly) *and that is Right.*’

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when, being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative. “Well, said he, however, shew me your little house.” “Yes, Sir, (replied the servant, keeping the street door in his hand) ‘the house is *small*, but it is very compact.’—‘I mean (continued *Quin*) your *necessary* house.’—‘Yes, Sir, (replied the servant) ‘I believe my master will find it very *necessary*, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings.” “Your *conveniency* I mean,” *Quin* said: “Very convenient, I can assure you,” still continued the servant.” *Quin*, no longer able to contain himself, cried with some emphasis, “—*how* you, you rascal, shew me your *house*, or, *if you can*, I shall *be*—” “O Lord, Sir, said the servant, *that is not built yet.*”

A Templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire, and took some other Templars along with him, and upon one of the holidays he would have them to an alehouse hard by, where the woman was deaf; so coming thither, “O my young master, says she, I have not seen you these seven years.” Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, ‘*Here’s to thee, and to all the whores, rogues and bawds in England.*’ She seeing his lips go, and could not hear him, said, ‘Come, Sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.’

A Dutcheſs

A Dutcheſs, hearing that a man in a high poſt, where he had an opportunity of fingering a great deal of money, had married his kept miſtreſs; ‘*Dear me,* ſaid ſhe, *that fellow is always robbing the public.*’

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk deſired to know what was the chief point of the law? — His maſter ſaid, if he would promiſe to pay for their ſuppers that night, he would tell him, which was agreed to. ‘*Why then,* ſaid the maſter, *good witneſſes are the chief point in law.*’ — When they came to the Inn, the maſter beſpoke a couple of fowls for ſupper; and when they had ſupped, told the Clerk to pay for them, according to agreement. ‘*O Sir,* ſays he, *where’s your good witneſs?*’

It was ſaid of a certain country ſquire, at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered, though not in the leaſt improv’d, that ‘*he went thither a leaden image, but was returned one of plaſter of Paris.*’

Mrs. - - - who had married a huſband of great good-nature, but a little deficient in point of underſtanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in deriſion, that ſhe had coupled herſelf to a fool. ‘*So has my ſiſter,* ſays ſhe, *for no man of ſenſe would ever endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her huſband.*’

One ſwore an *Eel* was the longeſt lived of all creatures; for it lived longeſt after it was dead.

Lady - - - ſpoke to the butler to be ſaving of an excellent run of ſmall beer, and aſk’d him how it might be beſt preſerved? ‘*I know of no method ſo effectual,* my lady, ſays the butler, *as placing a barrel of good ale by it.*’

A gentleman was joking with a phyſician, in the preſence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty’s wearing

wearing swords, saying, he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be a dress rather of gravity than gaiety, and therefore they should leave the sword to the military and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being asked his reasons for it, he replied, *'in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of friends and relations, of the many patients they now send out of the world.'*

A preacher on Tower-Kill had drawn a huge assembly about him; among the rest, a fat unweildy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, 'Lord! what a filthy croud is here! pray, good people, give way a little! what a devil has rak'd this rabble together? zounds! what a squeezing is this! honest fellow, remove your elbow.' At last a weaver, who stood next him, could hold no longer. 'A plague confound you, said he, for an over-grown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, helps to make up the croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase, than any five here? Is not the place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—nd; and then I will engage we shall have room enough for us all!'

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door, was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. 'Why, they tell me my friend, that you are a very wise man.' *'May be so,'* says the fellow. 'And that you know all London,' continued the scholar, and every body in it; pray can you tell where I live!' — 'In *Knaves-aere,*' says the carrier; 'Ay, but I am about to move,' says the Oxonian: *'And that will be to Tyburn,* quoth the other.

'Twas no bad joke of Lady Starvegut's footman, who, on the pantry being kept lock'd, nailed up the necessary. On being ask'd the reason, he told her ladyship, while one was *unopen*, the other was *unnecessary*.'

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Quick, the player, seeing one coming towards him where he stood, asked who it was, and being told that it was lord B—g, said, I thought it was a lord, *he looked so little like a gentleman.*

A lady who had resided the most of her life in the British colonies, happened to be in company with Alderman H———t, who had all the evening been expatiating on the absurdity of several passages of Scripture, in order to shew his wit, by rendering the Holy Writ ridiculous, the common custom of most of the great geniusses of the present age: The lady, who laughed all the time at the insignificance of his remarks, at last told him, he had *pretty sense*. You mean *good sense*, said he; we never say *pretty sense*. 'No, sir, replied she, in our country we call every thing that is *little, pretty*.

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people, that he came there for the good of the public and not for *want*.. Then speaking to his merry Andrew—Andrew, says he, do we come for *want*? 'No faith, Sir, says Andrew, *we have enough of that at home*; besides (continued he) my master has a very great estate, but that's neither *here nor there*.

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-Bar, was reading to a group of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, — 'That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country;' a naval gentleman immediately jump'd up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, 'Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it—and I hope to see the day that some of the Monsieurs shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *mann'd with women*.

A gentlewoman being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer in St. Paul's Church-yard, "Pray madam, walk

walk in—why don't you walk in, madam? what are you afraid of?"—*'of being bit,* replied the lady.

A company of gossips, at a good woman's labour, when the business was over, began to discourse about the walking of spirits, which some affirmed to have seen, while others doubted of their appearance. But at last the midwife, (whose judgment bore a great sway) delivered her opinion thus: *'For my part, I have gone up and down all hours in the night, and yet, heaven be praised, I never saw any thing worse than myself; though of my conscience, I believe I saw the devil once.'*

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him: and, seeing him there one day desired dinner to be put back. The fellow, after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. *'Truly, Sir,* says the servant, *'not till you are gone; so it is but a folly for you to stay.'*

A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than usual to his guest, pretended to find fault with the table-cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to baulk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surprized, enquired the reason of his so doing. *'Nay, nothing* (replied the gentleman) *but that I thought you had a mind to sup below.'*

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for making bulls, was met one day in mourning: *'Why how now, Frank'* (says his acquaintance) *who are you in mourning for?'* —*'For my poor wife, honey,'* answers he. *'God bless me!'* exclaims the other. *'Indeed it is very true,'* says Frank, *for she would have been three weeks dead if she had lived till last Wednesday.'*

An Irish Counsellor having lost a cause, which had been

been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other Counsellors were very merry on the occasion. *Well, now, says he, who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench? 'An hundred,' (said a Stander-by) there were but three—'By Saint Patrick, replies he, there was a figure of one and two cyphers.'*

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both Princes of a very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. 'Never fear, man, said the king, if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head shorter.' 'I am much obliged to your Majesty, replies the facetious chancellor, *'but I much doubt if any of their heads would fit my shoulders.'*

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning call'd them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly.—The maid pleaded, 'That the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. 'Very well said the master: 'But pray what do you call your business?—'To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach', replied Jehu. 'You say right,' answered the master, 'and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, *that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's*

for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

At a certain battle for the Pope, a Spanish Cardinal came in among the soldiers, and advised them not to spare their lives, but to exert their utmost courage for the good and welfare of his holiness; promising them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that those that died in the battle, should dine with the angels in Paradise. And having thus counselled them, he retired out of the battle; which a soldier perceiving, cried out, 'Monfieur, why will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise?' To which the valiant cardinal replied, '*My hour of eating is not yet come.*'

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The Judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, Not guilty. The judge asked them the reason: The foreman replied, "*There is reason enough; for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.*"

A gentleman having a runlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; 'where,' said he, 'for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to drink out of.' 'No, I thank you, Sir,' said the other, 'for I know, then I shall not be *Abel* to come up again.'

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate had some of the above-mentioned pickles reserved dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him:—'I here present you,
my

my lords and gentlemen', said he, 'with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. *That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Some years ago, Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. Th's dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, 'You are certainly in the wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breached to the capital* of late years.'

A countryman that lived in London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, if he saw Whitehall? 'No,' says he. 'Nor the Tower?' says the other. 'No,' says he. 'Strange,' replied the other; 'What could be the reason of it?' 'Why, truly,' says he, '*Squire Akerman, the Keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.*'

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *bic, hæc, boc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock: 'Really, gentlemen,' said he, 'I thought you had *declined* it.'

A poet going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging. — 'Sir,' said the soldier, 'I have a licence.' — 'A licence!' said the poet; *lice* I conceive thou may'st

have, but *sense* thou can'st have none, to beg money of a poet.

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said (at the same time shewing him one of her ears) 'Here, Sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold.' The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch; Now, madam, said he, 'you have a *wry* face too.'

A gentleman who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? 'O, Sir, (replied the gentleman) *I bring them up*.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever, and fight the devil*.

A poor hen-pecked and half-starved taylor dying, made the best of his way to the mansion of happiness, and knocking at the gate, was asked by the Porter, who was there? and being answered, a poor taylor, it was enquired, if he had been in *purgatory*? He answered, no; but I have been married: 'O, said the porter, *that's all the same, come in*,

Presently afterwards a fat Alderman, who had surfeited himself at a *turtle* feast, approached the gate, and in a haughty and magisterial manner demanded the door to be opened: '*Halt, there*, said the person who kept the keys, *have you been in purgatory?*' 'No, replied the Alderman, but what of that, *I saw you let in that poor half starved taylor, and he had been no more in purgatory than I;*' 'Aye, but he had been married;' 'Married, said

said the Alderman, *why I have been married three times : — ' Indeed, then pray go where you can, for this is not a place for fools.*

An old woman, who, through a variety of misfortunes, was reduced to retail fruit for a livelihood, was sitting one day by the road side with some apples; a gentleman riding by, said, ' What's o'clock? good woman.' She being very deaf, and thinking he asked the price of her fruit, replied, ' *Twelve a penny, Sir.*' I ask you what's o'clock?' said he. ' *I can't sell one more,* mumbled out the toothless old lady. Irritated at the folly of her answers, he cried, in a passion, *I have a good mind to horsewhip you.*' ' *O, sir,*' said she, ' *if you won't another will.*' This last reply convinced him of her infirmity, and he rode away smiling at the adventure. while the dame repeated to herself, ' *Some people would have one's goods for less than they cost.*'

A poor man and a wealthy farmer had a suit at law; the poor man gave the lawyer a *pot of oil*, and was told that his cause was good: but no sooner was he gone, than the farmer came and presented a *fat hog*. The cause came on, and the farmer gained the day. — The poor man after the trial, went to expostulate with the lawyer for his base conduct, saying, ' *When I gave you a pot of oil you said my cause was good, but you have entirely neglected it.*' ' *Poor man,* said the lawyer, *I am sorry for thee; but you was no sooner gone, than a fat hog came in; and broke your pot of oil, which put the cause quite out of my head.*'

A young lady having buried an old husband, whose name was Simon, and whom she married for money, employed a carver to make a statue of wood as much like him as possible, which (with seeming regard to his memory) she placed every night by her side in bed. A young gentleman who was in love with her, one night bribed the servant maid to let him lie in old Simon's place. The widow went to bed as usual and threw

her arms round the figure of her husband, (as she thought, and finding it warm she crept closer, until she was convinced it was a better bedfellow than old Simon. — In the morning the maid came as usual to know what she would have for dinner. ‘*Why, said she, dress the turkey that was brought yesterday; roast a leg of mutton with cauliflower, and get a handsome dish of fish.*’ — ‘*Madam, said the maid, we have not wood enough to dress so much victuals,*’ ‘*Why then, said the mistress, you must e’en burn old Simon.*’

A taylor’s boy, who had been ‘prentice about half a year, being at his father’s, his father asked him how he came on in his business? ‘*Very well, says the lad, I’m finisher now.*’ The father stared at the boy, and could not tell what he meant by it, as he had been so short a time, and knowing that finisher was the principal part.—‘*Tom, says he, explain yourself?*’ ‘*O, says the boy, that I can do in a crack. Why I brush them and carry them home, father.*’

When Dr. Swift was Dean of St. Patrick’s, he was informed by one of the Chapters, that the Beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him, and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor insisted he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window, which accordingly he did; and the Dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring at the same time, he was a better composer than Ambrose Philips. The following were the lines repeated under the dean’s window:

To-night’s the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t’have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
’Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night.

A humourist

A humourist asked a citizen the other day, *whether he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast?* —The citizen honestly replied, *that he should prefer the latter.* To which the wag archly rejoined, *'I never thought you a man of the ton before, but I find now that you have more taste than feeling.'*

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion. —When the Comedian entered, the Peer exclaimed, *What are you alive still?* *'Yes, my Lord,* replied Foote. *'Pray Sam, retorted his Lordship, which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?'* *'Why,* rejoined the comedian, *'that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, whether I prefer embracing your Lordship's mistress, or, your principles.'*

When Colonel Harcourt arrived at Kildare, as Governor of that place, the officers told him they hoped he would give a ball to the ladies. *'Ladies!'* says he, *'ay, ay, I'll give them a ball; — but it shall be a ball of worsted to mend their stockings.'*

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner, at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasion; says the spark, with a sneer, *'There is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm;'* *'Sir,* says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, *'the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years.'* *'Pardon me,* replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, *'she looks so young and innocent, that I really took her for a maid.'*

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry,

a link-boy cried, 'have a light, gentlemen?' 'Light yourself to the devil, you dog,' says one of the company. 'Bless you, master,' replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark—shall I light your worship a bitther.*

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, *'I never will be guilty of so much ill manners; pray, sir, do you cross over first.'*

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him, and desired him to forbear,—at least to let her speak with him. 'Speak quickly then,' says he. 'Pray husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long while dying.'

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him, what he meant by it? *Why, truly, sir, said he, I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.*

A Physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the Doctor went to pay him. 'No,' said the farrier, *we Doctors never take any money one of another.*

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys run to see the execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, 'Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come.'

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said,

said, 'Do you smoke, sir?' 'Yes, said the gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a design upon me.*'

One asked his friend, why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. 'Why, friend, said he, *I thought you had known, that of all evils you should chuse the least.*

An Irishman took up a poker, and said to another, 'you are as dead a man as ever breathed.'

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, *That three women make a market with their chatting;* 'Nay then, said he, *add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.*'

Two parsons meeting one day near the Chapter Coffee-house, in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatrical of the two, who was loth to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, Sir, *I never give the way to a coxcomb!*—'Sir, replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, *I always do.*

A prating woman, who had lost most of her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy: 'I can't guess at any other reason, says he, *but that your tongue grates too much against them.*

Mr. Harley falling into company with a sea-officer, at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following droll description of a chase;—'Our horses being completely rigg'd, we manned them to their full compliment, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven ante meridian, a fleet of twenty, set sail over the Downs. In about three quarters of a watch we spied a hare under a full gate; we tacked, and stood after her, crowding all the sail we could; but coming close up to her, she ~~staked~~ ^{staked}, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground;

however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but, unluckily, just as we were about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, my horse and I overset, and came keel upwards.'

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, '*Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.*' The second entered the room, and said, '*Father Isaac, I hope you are well?*' The third followed them, and said, '*Father Jacob, shall we drink with you?*' — The old gentleman looked at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then replied, '*I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the son of Cis, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them.* — So went out of the room, and shut the door in their faces.

A bricklayer working on the top of a house, happen'd to fall down through the rafters. 'O!' says a stander-by, '*I like such a fellow as him mightily; for he is a man that goes through his work.*

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was sitting at a table at a coffee-house, perceived he was overlooked by an Irishman. After he had wrote a line or two, he goes on, '*My dear, I should be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Irish son of a bitch that stands behind me.*' 'What do you mean, says the Irishman, *by abusing me in that manner? Do I overlook you?*'

One seeing a painter writing false English on a tomb-stone in a country church yard, told him of it. — 'Phoh, says he, '*I know what I do well enough; for the people here are so penurious, that they won't go to the charge of good English.*

Two young ladies of family, who both confessed to one spiritual father, for some fault they had jointly com-

committed, were enjoined the same penance;—which was to wear peas in their shoes for three days;—the time being expired, one of them came to the other to enquire how she did, and at the same time complained that her feet were very sore, the peas having almost made holes in her flesh. On hearing her story the other burst into a laugh, and told her she was very well. ‘*For,*’ says she, *you foolish creature, I boiled mine.*’

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? ‘*Truly, madam,*’ says he, *he’s a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine-Hall,*’ the name of a college there. ‘*I vow,*’ said she, *I feared as much; he had always a hankering after the wenches from a boy.*

A gentleman expressed his surprise that a celebrated painter could paint such pretty faces in pictures, and yet get very homely children. ‘*Oh, sir,*’ says another, *he makes the first by day-light, and the other in the dark.*

A gentleman sent for his taylor, who happened to be an Irishman, and told him, he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home, and *let them out.* The taylor promised to obey the order he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his cloaths home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat? *By my shoul!* says the ninth part of an Irishman, *I have obeyed your commands, and have let them out, and the devil burn me but I think I have made a very good bargain too, for they happened to fit a countryman of mine, and I have let them out to him at eighteen-pence a week, and he has engaged to wear them at that price for three months certain, whether he lives or dies.*

Dean

Dean Swift bespoke a pair of shoes of an eminent shoe-maker in Dublin, but the time he promised to bring them home in, being elapsed, he sent for him. 'So, Doddridge, said he, *where are my shoes?*' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean, answered Crispin, *but upon my word I forgot them.*' 'Very well, said the Dean, *come and take a walk with me in the garden;*' where they were no sooner come, than making, as if he had forgot something in the house, the Dean returned and locked the door after him. Poor Doddridge waited and waited, but no dean appeared, till just as the bell rung for Patrick's prayers in the evening, when beginning to expostulate with him on such cruel treatment, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Doddridge, said he, *but upon my word I forgot it.*

Beau Nash soliciting a nobleman for a subscription to a public charity, his lordship being somewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would consider of it; but Nash begged his lordship would give him a positive answer then, yes, or no. To which the nobleman replied, 'No, I tell you, no; *I thank your Lordship,* says Nash, *taking out his list, how much shall I set you down?*' — 'What do you mean by thanking me?' returned the nobleman, *when I gave you a negative.*' — 'Hold, my Lord, returned Nash, *you said no twice, and I need not inform your Lordship, that two negatives make an affirmative!*—Which repartee so pleased the nobleman, that he gave him a handsome subscription.

Queen Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favors so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian. 'What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?' After a little pause, he answered, 'he thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.' The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, 'Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you; *anger makes dull men witty; but it makes them poor.*'

An

An Irishman wanting to cross the water, asked a waterman what he would have to carry him to the other side? the man said two-pence. 'Arrah, my dear honey,' replied the Irishman, that I will give you with all my heart.' The man rowed him over, and when they were landed, the Irishman paid him two-pence, and asked him, if he was now on the other side of the water?—'No, Sir, answered the waterman, you are on this side the water: 'Then, says the Irishman, what shall I give you to carry me to the other side? two-pence, replied the waterman. 'Arrah, now honey, and will you be furre to carry me to the other side of the water for that, said the Irishman. The man assured him that he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed, the Irishman gave him two pence, and then asked him if he was sure he was now on the other side of the water?—The man replied, 'no, Sir, you are on this side the water.' 'Why then joy, said the Irishman, I perceive you are an arrant fool; therefore I'll go to Black friars, and walk over the bridge; for I find there is no getting on the other side of the water, but only by land-carriage.

Sir Thomas More, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be beheaded on Tower-hill, the executioner demanded his upper garment as his fee; 'Ah friend, said he, taking off his cap, that, I think, is my upper garment.

Several scholars went to steal rabbits, and by the way they warned a novice among them to make no noise, for fear of scaring the rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said loud in Latin, 'Ecce caneculi multi!' and with that the rabbits ran into their burrows: where-with his fellows was offended, and chiding him for it, he said, 'Who the devil would have thought that rabbits understood Latin!'

A wench complained to a Justice, that Mr. Shuter, would have refreshed her; 'Thou meanest ravished,' said the Justice. 'Yes, Sir, said she, I meant so indeed.'

deed.'—'I warrant, replies the Justice, this rogue has ravished thee many a time before now?' 'Yes, Sir,' said she, to aggravate the matter, 'twenty times at least.'

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast: his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his hand, and for his carelessness, his father gave him a box on the ear; the son having recovered himself, gave the next man a good box: being asked the reason, he said, 'Come, come, let it go round, it will come to my father by and by, for I dare not strike him myself.'

Scroggin being once very low in pocket, and meeting with a Lord who was walking in the Court, thought to wheedle him out of a broad piece, and coming up to him, said, My Lord, I had a strange dream last night, and now half of it is out;—for I dreamt that I met you here, and *that you gave me a broad piece.* 'Well, says his lordship, then I will make out the other part,' and so gave it him. 'But stay, now I think on it, give me that again, for it is a piece my mistress gave me to keep for herself.' Scroggin readily returned it, in hopes of a better gratuity. 'Now, said my lord, I'll tell you my dream, that it may be out likewise,—*I dreamt, that I gave a fool money, and he had not the wit to keep it;*' and so passed on, leaving Scroggin to scratch his ears, and fretting to be so outwitted.

A London rider, returning home from a long journey very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, '*Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs, when you know you have left off riding.*'

One

One evening, in a riot at the stage door of Drury-lane, Brereton wounded a young fellow (who had drawn his sword upon him) slightly in the hand. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door.—The play was *Macbeth*; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Brereton repeated *‘and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,’* the young fellow bawls out,—‘Aye—reeking indeed! what does your conscience prick you?—you rascal, that’s *my* blood you drew just now.’—The actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, *‘Damn your blood, I say,’* and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

A captain of a man of war, who had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phenomenon which he had seen at sea; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, he did not believe him. ‘Why, Sir, says the gentleman, did you see it?’ ‘Yes, I did, answered he. ‘Well, if you saw it, said the gentleman, I will believe it, *but I would not if I had seen it myself.*’

The captain, however, soon after returned the compliment; for the gentleman was one of those who shot with a long bow, or, in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his sallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded story, the captain gave a hem; upon which the other made up to him; ‘and so, captain, says he, you won’t believe this?’ ‘Why, yes, says the captain, I will to oblige you;—*but I would not believe such another damn’d lie for any man upon the face of the earth.*’

A person describing a snuff-box he had seen, which was an Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck, said it was a gipsy’s nipple set in pinch-gut.

A cer-

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them; and going one day thro' Tavistock-street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned about, in a great surprize, and cried out, *'At whose suit, sir, at whose suit.'*

A person one day meeting old Beveridge, asked him how he did? Beveridge replied, if I answer you in Latin I am *sic, sic*; if in English, *so, so*.—Well done my old friend, says he, I think that is a good *so, so* sort of a pun.

A lady asked a gentleman who was dining at table with her; 'Pray Mr. Moffat will you let me help you to a bit of hare?' 'No madam, I thank you, answered he, *my belly is full of it.*'

A person bought a pair horns, and brought them home; his wife asked what he meant: he said, to hang his hat on, 'Good Lord, says she, *can't you keep your hat on your own head.*'

Lady Grosvenor being a sleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Perigrine Pickle before her, her Lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked, she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. 'Nay, nay, answered my lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my lord, practise the *Whole Duty of Man*, then I'll read the *Practice of Piety*.

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When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire at Old Slaughter's coffee-house; a gentleman just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engrossed the fire, calls out, 'Pray young man have you got any *sand* about you?' 'No, friend,' says Swift, 'but I have got some *gravel*, and if you will give me your letter, I *will piss upon it directly*.'

Two comedians belonging to Covent Garden Theatre, having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to doctor Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion.—A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: 'As for you, Sir,' addressing himself to the first, 'you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life.' 'Ah, says the other, exulting, 'I knew I should win my wager.' 'Stop, Sir,' says the doctor, 'I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, that as for you, by G—d, *you cannot sing at all*.'

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after Dr. Hayes, well known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. 'I have not the least doubt of his ill nature,' says Hays, 'so he would *the ancients too, by G—d, if he knew their names*.'

Doctor Johnson sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the ladies, by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast 'ordinary women,' and to match them

them with 'ordinary men.' In this round one of the ladies gave an old house keeper of doctor Johnson's, blind of one eye; and another matched her with doctor Goldsmith. this whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that tho' she had some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she run round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *'propos* of her last toast. 'Aye,' says Johnson, 'this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient kings, *there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*

When the Duke of Grafton was a boy, he lived very much with his aunt, the present Countess of Harrington, and at this time of life, (though of a very thin delicate constitution) gave evident signs of an amorous disposition.—Among the rest of his amours, he very warmly solicited my lady's woman, and one evening behaved so indecently to her, that she was under the necessity of complaining to her lady. 'How is this, Sir,' says her ladyship, 'that you can behave so rude in my house?' 'lord, ma'am,' says the other, 'to tell you the truth, Nancy did look so charming, *flesh and blood* could not refrain.'—Come, come, Charles, returned her ladyship, 'let me hear no more of such doings in this house: it may be an excuse for *flesh and blood*, but I am sure it can be none for *skin and bone*.'

A gentleman named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the Colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no balls in his regiment: 'No, nor powder neither,' said the gentleman, if your lordship could help it.

A person in London, writing, or rather meaning to write to a friend in the country, to 'Direct to him at the Saracen's Head, Cornhill, or at Mr. Jocelyn's, an Apothecary, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, wrote

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as follows: 'Dyewreft for me at the Sergant's Head in Cornwall, or at Mr. Jaw flings potty carrier, under the Phhs Common Garding.'

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing for precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. 'You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my papa keeps a coach.' 'Very true, miss, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.'

A Roman Catholic asked a Protestant, where his religion was before the time of Luther. 'Did you not wash your face this morning?' replied the protestant. 'Yes, answered the other. 'Then where was your face, said the protestant, before it was washed?'

An Irish gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the inns of Chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before, him accosted him in the following manner; 'I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.'

A certain Irish gentleman making strong love to a great fortune, told her, 'he could not sleep for dreaming of her.'

When the *Coterie* was first established, one of the general rules was, that *two* members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club; One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; for, says she, suppose a lady and a gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be a very awkward situation?' 'Not at all, madam,' said lord Har—g—n, who happened to be present, 'for you know, a gentleman and a lady can readily make a *third*.'

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out; at his return from travels, that she was dead, and had been buried; in the mean time, she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized. A person by, said, 'Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.' 'Aye, replied he, *most men are more affraid of a living wife, than of a dead one.*'

A gentleman riding near the forest of Wichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow what that wood was called? — He said, 'Whichwood, Sir.' 'Why, that wood?' — 'Whichwood, Sir.' 'Why, that wood I tell thee.' — He still said, 'Whichwood.' 'I think, says the gentleman, the man is *Wood.*' 'Yes, says he, I believe one of us so—but I can't tell *Which.*'

Upon an extraordinary occasion, there was a ball at Wapping. The men concerned in it were made up of a crew of sailors and colliers. The colliers, who came in last, observing the sailors, contrary to their expectation, to be spruced up in their best cloaths, withdrew into another room to wash their faces, and brush themselves; when the head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them, 'Look ye, lads, it is all fruitless pains; if you will be ruled by me, let us go into the great room; and jostle among the sailors for their places; and I'll engage, tho' we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.'

A woman having a cross-grain'd husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance: This was done, and she well observed

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served her rules; when one day going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, he reel'd into a ditch, calling to his wife, to help him out. *'Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders; but I'll go home and see, and if there be, I'll come and help you; or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.'*

A gentleman at Endfield, being much in debt, was obliged to keep close house; a Bailiff, who had been promised a great reward to take that gentleman, having made several attempts in vain to snap him, at last resolved upon one that he thought could not fail; so pretending himself in dispair, came by the gentleman's parlour window, (which was next the street, and where he sat writing every day) and pulling out of his pocket a halter, made a noose and seemed as if he intended to hang himself therewith; a grindstone being before the door, upon which he got up, and threw the rope over the bough of a tree and fastened it, and then put his head in, concluding the gentleman would whip out, and so he should arrest him. But as the Devil would have it, the grindstone, which stood firm like a rock for him to get up, tumbled down as soon as ever the halter was about his neck. The innocent, unwary gentleman seeing what pass'd, sallied out, to cut the rope and save the man; but the bailiff's follower lying in ambuscade, snap'd the gentleman as soon as ever he peep'd out, and carried him off, and let his master hang, who carried the jest too far. And when the gentleman told the bailiff's follower, that his master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down. *'Let him be dam'd, said he, I have got my prize, and shall have the reward, and my master's place too.'*

When *Dun* that kept the *Assembly House*, at *Hackney*, being himself in the room with some witty gallants; one of them (which it seems knew his wife) too boldly cried out in a frantick humour, *'I'll lay five pounds,*

pounds, there's a cuckold in the company; 'tis Dun, says another.'

A cobbler was sitting in his shop singing merrily; his song was this, '*Tamerlain was, and he was; and Tamerlain was, and he was;*' and continued so singing, and nothing else, many times together; which a gentleman that pass'd by, took notice of, and said to the cobbler, 'Prithee, friend, what was he?' 'Why, says the cobbler, *as arrant a fool as yourself, for ought I know.*'—'Sirrah, says the gentleman, *you are a rascal, come out and I'll kick you.*' 'No, Sir, says he, *'tis no matter, I thank you for your love as much as if I had it; for I don't want kicking.*' 'Sirrah, says the gentleman again, *come out, and I'll give you a kick.*' 'No, Sir, says he, *you need not trouble yourself. I won't come if you'll give me two.*'

Johnson being one evening at a tavern-club, seated at the upper end of the table amongst his ingenious sons, and talking eternal poetry, was oft'n interrupted by a country gentleman, who would permit no other discourse to pass about but what tended to tillage and husbandry; what rich pasture ground was in his country, the price of corn and cure of cattle; which so incensed Johnson, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him in this language: '*Thou clod, why dost thou mingle thy dirty discourse with our sublime fancies? I tell thee, for every acre thou hast of land, I have ten acres of wit.*' 'Have ye so, Sir, replied the gentleman, *I cry your mercy, good Mr. Wise Acres!*' Johnson was so highly taken with the jest, that he swore he was never so pricked by a hobnail in all his life before.'

One being asked what country man he was, he answered, '*A Middlesex man.*' The other told him, '*because he was neither of the male sex, nor of the female sex, but of a Middle-sex, he must then be an Hermaphrodite.*'

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A man and his wife that formerly had lived well together, grew to be poor, and both lov'd the pot well ; and it happened that a friend of the wife's met her and gave her six-pence ; so she came home with joy to her husband, saying to him ' What shall we have, my dear husband, for we are rich now.' ' Wife, says he, 'tis your own, do what you will with it.' ' Why then, says she, let me see—we'll have—stay—we'll have, now I think on't, a groat's worth of bread and two-pence drink.—' Do what you will, Sweet-heart, says he, 'tis your own.' Then she goes out of doors, and comes back again, saying, ' No, now I think on't, husband, we'll have four penny-worth of drink, and two penny-worth of bread?' ' Do what you please, says he, 'tis your own.' Out she goes again, but comes in presently, ' O husband, says she, now I think better on't, I am resolved to have five penny-worth of drink, and a penny in bread. ' Do what you please, says he, my dear, 'tis your own.' Then out she goes, and comes immediately back again, ' *I'm now fully resolved to have it all in drink, and beg a toast of them.*' ' O dear wife, says he, *thou hast won my heart for ever, Come, I'll give thee a buss; but be sure to let us have it quick, quick, quick, you rogue.* Well, Sweetheart, says he, *how happy it was that thou wentest out to day.*'

One Captain Broughton (who lived by his wits) visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner-time his friend being absent, in his walk, he saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guest, among which the Captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely ; but often the lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guest whose relation he was ? Which the Captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, ' My lord, do you not know me ? ' No, indeed, Sir,' said the lord. Quoth the Captain, ' sure you do, my lord ; *for you and I have been in all the prisons in England.*' ' How ?' (said the lord)

lord) I never was in any but this of the Tower in my life.'—*'True, my lord, (answered the Captain) and I have been in all the rest.'*—At which jest the lord and his company laugh'd heartily, and told him he was welcome.

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying. 'Well, child, says her mother, *I wish I were to take thy place to night.'*

A soldier said, he had been in so many battles, and had been so battered *with bullets*, that he swore he had *a mine of lead in his belly*.

It is a custom with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the goal, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died.—The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, 'Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half-dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after *Jack Catch* has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man.'—Says the Surgeon, 'Done, there's a guinea.'—This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries,—*a Bite.—I'm to be hanged in chains.'*

An intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and just then set up a chariot. His lady two or three times at dinner, asked him, if he used the *chariot* that

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that afternoon? To which he only answered '*oysters*' When the table-cloth was taken away, she said, 'Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot' To which he again reply'd, '*oysters, my dear.*'—She dropt a curtesy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reprov'd.—On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addressed him. 'Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instructions in your word *oysters*; as it must be some gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favor to let me into the secret of it.'—'You know, says Sir Richard, we have just set up a chariot; and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately set up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it;—which was as follows:

• Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced Petit Maitre. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or making some mention of it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house, at Charing-cross.—'With all my heart, my dear, says Ned;—I'll step to my servant and give some orders about my chariot, and be with you again in a moment.' On this, another gentleman said, 'How can you ask that coachman to be with us? we shall hear of nothing else but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.' 'As I think that impossible, says another, it is a bet.'—Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Almack's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, proposed to have some *oysters* before dinner as a whet; but at the same time feared there were none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was

objected that would take too much time, otherwise they approved of his motion.—'Nay, says Sparkish, let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the *oysters* in half an hour at farthest.'—You see, continues Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd a foundation soever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of *oysters*, to see and to confess her error.

A gentleman crossing Moorfields, was followed by a middle-aged shabby fellow, importunately beggin for 6d. The gentleman wondered at his odd demand, and told him he had nought for him: but the fellow walked along, repeating his entreaties—till finding no likelihood of success.—'Well, Sir, says he, with a melancholy air, 'I shall trouble you no more?—but that small matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forced to do!'—Then fetching a deep sigh, he shook his head, and slowly moved away. The strangeness of his words and behaviour struck the gentleman; this poor creature, thought he, by want is grown desperate, and shall my refusal of such a trifle drive him to extremities? With that calling back the fellow, 'Here, friend, is six-pence for thee; but pry-thee tell me the meaning of what you said just now.' The fellow thanked him, and pocketing the money, 'Why truly master, replied he, I've been begging here this whole day to little purpose, and unless your charity had saved me from it, *must have been forced to work, the thoughts of which gave me no small disquiet.*

A certain colonel, whose flight it was, when he had drank a glass or two too much, to fire off and play tricks with his pistols. One night the colonel having drank too freely, ordered his footman, who was an Irishman newly hired, to bring his pistols. Teague obeyed; the colonel loaded them both, and, having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arms length,

length, till he snuffed it with a ball. Prayer and intreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, tho' trembling; the colonel performed the operation at the first attempt, then laying down his pistols was going to unlock the door. Teague catches up that which was loaded, 'Arra maister, says he, but I will be after having my shoot to.' The colonel called him rogue and rascal to no purpose, *Teague* was now vested with power, and would be obeyed. Accordingly his master extended the candle, but this being the first time of *Teague's* performing, he not only missed, but shot off a button from the colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect, and cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his cups.

The activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, are well known: he was on horseback for four-and-twenty hours, successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure. Accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and thus accoutred, marches to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his saddle and housings, with great composure, and was just going to mount. When the gentleman who owned the horse was informed of the matter, he asked the king, bluntly, how he came to meddle with his horse, having never seen him before? Charles easily replied, squeezing his lips as was his way, he took the horse because he wanted one. 'For you see,' continued he, 'if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself.' This answer did not satisfy the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword: In that

the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards now came up, testified that surprize which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against the king, the gentleman was not less surprized than they, at this undesigned insult upon majesty. His astonishment, whoever, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him he should be provided for. He was not worse than his word. The gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.

Mr. Glover, the late dancing-master to the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing-master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, '*Why don't you dance?*' Picard was very angry, exclaiming, '*He did not understand being trifled with.*' 'No, said Glover, *I don't trifle with you. This proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any one.*

Quin, the celebrated comedian, when at Bath, dined along with some other gentlemen one day at a lady's house, who was a prodigious admirer of his ability as an actor. In the course of conversation, she addressed him in these words. '*Mr. Gwinn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the ghost of Gimblet at Drury lane, when you rose up through the stage with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of quails upon the frightful porcupine. Do, pray, spout a little the ghost of Gimblet.*' — '*Madam,* said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, *the ghost of Gimblet is laid, never to rise again.*' Insensible of this check, she proceeded, '*Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost; and then the cock crow'd so natu-*

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ral, I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's game—an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?'—'Dunghill, madam.' 'Well, dung-hill, or not dung-hill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at my house to wake the maids in the morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?'—'Probably in the workhouse of St. Giles's parish, madam; but I protest I know not his particular mew.'—'Good-God, sister, cried her brother, how you talk! I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn.'—'Hoity toity, brother, she replied, no offence, I hope! Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction. I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and, if so be that were the case, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins.' 'No, madam, answered Quin, with great solemnity, 'my mother was not a whore of such distinction.—True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal decent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary.—If I was an absolute prince, at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger. She has committed felony on the person of that John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce.'

Once as the prince of Conde was passing on foot thro' a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magistrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the best rhetoric he could. But the prince being in a frolicsome humour, took advantage of a very low congee the old gentleman made him, and leaped over his head, and stood still behind him. The magistrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addressed himself with a new obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble prince catch'd him upon the half bent, and setting his hands upon the old monsieur's shoulders, whipt over again the second

time; which quite spoiled his intended speech, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

A constable, whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was, the other strutting with his staff, said, I am he. 'You are *Nott* the constable replied the other.' 'Then said Mr. Constable *Nott*, I say I am the constable, and that you shall find to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. 'You do not hear me, replied the other, deny your authority; for I say, *you are Nott the Constable*. Well, take him to the Compter. And the next morning the Constable's ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own name, when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees; and give the party he had committed a treat of a guinea, to be friends with him.

During Lord Townshend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise thro' the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe-black, known by the name of blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned, which was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea? 'Half a guinea! your honour (said the ragged wit) change for half a guinea from me! by G— Sir, *you may as well ask a Highlander for a knee buckle!*—His lordship was so well pleased, that he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

When Churchill finished his *Rosciad*, he waited on a well-known publisher with the copy, who was at that time busily employed in a work that made much noise in the world. The bookseller suffered so severely by the publication of poetry, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with the rhyming pupils of Apollo, unless the author would make such a deposit as would secure him from any loss. This, Churchill would not comply with. The

The bookseller recommended a worthy young man to him, who had just ventured his little fortune in the uncertain sea of ink, and who would probably run the hazard of the publication. Churchill waited on him, and found every thing to his wish. The publication was advertised, and five days elapsed before ten copies were sold.—Churchill was thunderstruck: the bookseller was little less. At the end of four days more he called again, and found six copies more had gone off! The poet, conscious of the merit of his poem, was almost frantic, and hurried to a friend to acquaint him with his hard fortune. His friend, who was intimate with Garrick posted to him in the morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abilities there was exhibited in the *Rosciad*. Garrick swallowed the gilded pill instantly, sent for the poem, read it, and founded its praises wherever he visited that day. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left, and in a few weeks so many editions went off, that he found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time in Parnassus.

The first night the pantomime of *Fortunatus* was performed last season, at Drury-lane Theatre, a player was placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the *petrified* figures that appear in succession in that piece.—
 ‘Go on! go on!’ (said the Prompter, when it came to his turn) ‘tis not my turn yet (said the fellow) I am not to go on ‘till Mr. Grimaldi is *petrified*.

The day before Miss Satchell was married, she was in a company where the merit of the *great* Kemble was the topic: a lady turned to Miss Satchell and asked her with a significant smile, ‘which was the *great* Kemble?’
 ‘Upon my word, said the young lady, with a deep blush, I cannot now inform you.’ In a day or two after the nuptials, the lady paid her a visit of congratulation, and asked her if the *great* Kemble had been to visit her?
 ‘Visit me! visit me!’ (said the pretty bride) ‘*Lord my dear, I am in possession of the great Kemble!*’

The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of 17s. in favour of the tradesman; the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise exclaimed, 'Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there?' 'Indeed I have Mr. Fig,' (replied the wit, returning it again very deliberately into his pocket) 'and before *we part, we will be better acquainted.*

The following anecdote has been related by an American gentleman who arrived a few days ago in London, and may be depended on as a fact.—When the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled in the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondering at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how, he a single man, could capture five? 'Why, says the Irishman, *please your Excellency, by Jafus, I surrounded them!*'—The General, who was very seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries; says the Dutchman your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it,
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you have your Portsmouths, your Plymouths, your Yarmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths; and you are all mouths together. 'Ay, replies the Englishman, and you have your Amsterdams, and your Rotterdams,—and G—d— you all together, say I.

When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French Theatre. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered, that he would do as soon as he got his complement of four passengers.—A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Druggier, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville! He whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, *'that he had already got his complement,'* and would have drove off without him, had not Preville called out, *'that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.'*

Mr. Palmer going home after the business of the Theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying upon the ground, with another upon him, beating him most violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him that his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, *Faith, Sir,*
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if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily.'

When the celebrated Nan Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabbin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter, Catley answered him, '*Oh, Sir, it is only Water parted from the Sea in a forte strain.'*

Some years ago as Mr. Anstee was returning home with some jovial companions thro' Bath, about three in the morning, they accidentally met with the watch, who was regularly crying the hour.—In the mirth of heart they were in, this was construed by some of the bucks as a sort of satire upon them for keeping bad hours. Mr. Anstee therefore insisted that the fellow should cry past eleven o'clock instead of three, and on pain of corporal punishment. After some remonstrance, the poor man was obliged to comply; but, before he had finished his oration, suddenly recollecting himself, he said shrewdly, '*I know the hour I am to call, but pray gentlemen what sort of weather would you have?*'—'*Sunshine! you scoundrel to be sure—sunshine!* upon which (notwithstanding its raining at that time violently) the accommodating watchman gravely cries out, in the proper key, '*Past eleven o'clock, and by particular desire a sun shining morning.*'

A gentleman crossing Ludgate-street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossings for charity. The gentleman replied, '*I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return.*' Please your honor, says the man, *it is unknown the credit I give in this way.*

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A tradesman lately calling upon a gentleman for the payment of a bill, desired to know when he would let him have the money for it, he answered, *'Call to-morrow, and I'll pay you.'* The tradesman accordingly called the next day, on which the gentleman told him, *'His word was his bond, as I told you when you called last, call to-morrow and I'll pay you; so I say now, you may trust to my word; your servant.—To-morrow never came.'*

A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account — *'Oh, madam (replied the doctor) I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, I kill two birds with one stone.'*

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? *'I am searching, said Diogenes, for the bones of your father, but can't distinguish them from those of his slaves.'*

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent Garden Theatre, *'By G—, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I'm in great distress. Don't talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week, I'll take care to pay you in some shape or other.'* *'You will oblige me, replied the creditor, and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible.'*

The following odd cheat was practised some time ago in London. A man, not very conscientious in his disposition, was invited to a friend's house in the country, but neither having a pair of boots, nor money to buy them, he resolved to supply his wants by cozenage. He
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went to a shoemaker's, and ordered a pair of boots, which he said he must have without fail the Sunday morning following, by *seven* o'clock; he was also very precise in ordering a particular leather, and the make he would have them of: all which the shoemaker took in charge: at the same time promising not to fail him at the hour he commanded. From thence my chap goes to another shoemaker, where he ordered a pair of boots of exactly the same leather and fashion of those he bespoke before, saying, he must have them without fail the next Saturday morning, at *eight* o'clock, which the shoemaker likewise promised. The appointed day being come, the first shoemaker exactly at *seven* o'clock, brought the boots to the lodgings where he had been directed. The rogue pretended to be mightily pleased at his punctuality, tried one of them, and declared it fitted him to a hair; but in putting on the second, he pretended great difficulty, saying that it pinched him so about the instep, that he could not bear it; he confessed indeed, that one of his feet was larger than the other, and proposed to the shoemaker that he should take home that boot and stretch it, and bring it to him again at twelve o'clock, till which time he should not leave town, being retarded by an unexpected affair. Which the shoemaker, tho' he knew nothing of his customer, made no difficulty of doing. By this means he had got one boot, and only wanted a fellow to it. At *eight* o'clock the other shoemaker punctually brought him the other pair of boots, and he played exactly the same trick with him he had done with the former. The boot fitted to a miracle. But the second must be carried back to be stretched a little. In a word, he found no difficulty with either of the tradesmen; and the minute he got shut of both, mounted his horse and rode off. At twelve the two shoemakers met at the door, with each a boot: a little cursing and swearing ensued upon finding out the trick that had been played them; but in the end they adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, and, as the boots were fellows, and one would be useless to each, they

they agreed to play a game at All-fours, to determine which should have the pair.

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, though he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house where it was proposed to spend six-pence a piece; the young spendthrift not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying he knew no *difference between a shilling and sixpence*. To which a sly old economist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen pence.*

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple-Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkeley square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. *Do you consider*, said Nash, when they were come to Berkeley-square, *that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself!*—*You mistake, Sir*, replied the fellow, *for I should have back'd you in.*

A certain Lord Chancellor of a neighbouring kingdom, was no better than the son of an alewife. While he was in this high station, a countryman, who held a considerable farm under him, came one day to pay him a large sum for rent. Dinner was just over, and my Lord was drinking a bottle with some guests of quality; knowing his tenant, though a rustic, to be a man of some vanity, he thought he should gratify that in a high degree, by admitting him into the dining-room, and therefore, with an apology, begged his company's permission for so doing. He was accordingly introduced, and, after a few scrapes, seated himself modestly enough at an end of the side-board. A few complimentary questions being over, about his health, and that of his good wife and children, my lord told him, there were variety of liquors; but that, as he supposed, *wine* (being unused
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to it) might not be altogether suitable to his palate, the butler should fill him a bumper of good October. The Farmer had sense enough to take this degradation of his taste for an affront, and was resolved to revenge it. He drank the beer, and, when it was down, smacked his lips, as if he was highly pleased. My lord, fancying that to be the case, merrily asked him how he liked it? *'Why really,* replied the arch rogue, *I cannot say but that it is very good; and yet, by my faith, I think I have drank better at your mother's, the Crooked Billet, formerly, for Two-pence a quart!*

Two gentlemen, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length one of the husband's dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself hereupon to one of his acquaintances, *'I cannot conceive,* said he, *how it is; I was very happy with my first wife; so was my present wife with her former husband; and yet we two cannot agree by any means; but there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.'*—*'Not so strange as you seem to think it,* said his acquaintance, *I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones are taken away, and the two fools are left alive.*

About a year ago, Mr. Wilkes, dining at Dolly's Chop house, met with one of the Aldermen; who, tho' against him in the city, he very civilly accosted. To which the other made as surly and churlish reply. However, Wilkes took no farther notice, than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the Alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out, *My steak, my steak, my steak!* which at length was brought him: then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour

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bour, said pretty loud, 'Pray, Sir, observe the difference between Dolly's Chop-house and the Bear-garden. There *the bear is brought to the stake* ; here *the steak is brought to the bear*.

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn ? — '*Why, replied the Oxonian, the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money !*' — '*Are you sure of that ?*' replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket) '*as I am for expedition, your money this instant.*' The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him ; and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations. — Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them, it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, '*Which was the cook ?*' who readily answered, '*Me, Sir.*' He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other ; when he said to the first, '*Here's half a crown for my eating ;*' and to the other, '*Here's five shillings for my wine ; but, by G —, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life !*'

Quin was some time after met, by the same nobleman, behind the scenes, who asked him, '*Why he did not come and eat soup with him ?*' 'By G —, my lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your lordship keeps a *cook's shop*.' His lordship asked an explanation ; when he told the nobleman, '*His was the dearest and worst ordinary in London ; for a man paid for his dinner literally, and very exorbitantly, at his lordship's house.*' — Quin was told by his Lordship, that this should be rectified

fied for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails. — Upon this promise Quin was prevailed to return; but, having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, *'I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin on the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.'*

A punster going along the Strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathered to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing-cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, *'What was the name of the fellow going to be hang'd?'* He answered, *one Vowel!* — *Ab!* said the querist, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are several of that name?'* *'No,'* returned the other, *I do not.'* *'Well,'* said the wag, *this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U nor I.*

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. — *'Oh!* (says Pope sarcastically) *by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it;'* upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, *that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible:* which was really the case. *'And pray master,'* says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat) *what is a note of interrogation?'* — A note of interrogation (replied the youth,

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youth, with a look of the utmost contempt) *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!* 'Tis said however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

The following laughable story is a serious portrait of human nature.—The present Earl Spencer's father was a man of sense, humour, and wit; very singular in his dress, and very determined in his actions. In a morning he walked the streets in a Tyburn-top wig, with an oak stick, and a little *Couteau de Chasse* under a plain brown frock. In this manner strolling forth one morning *a voir le monde*, a butcher's dog, not liking his phyz, flew at him, and shook him so soundly by the coat, that Mr. Spencer (then commonly called Jack Spencer) drew forth his *couteau*, and stabbed the dog.—The enraged butcher not thinking it quite safe to attack a man so stout, and well armed at both points as Mr. Spencer then was, inclined rather to dodge the assassin, which Mr. Spencer perceiving, he went into an ale-house, and called for a pot of beer, in order to give the butcher time to take such measures as he thought more prudent than a dodging match. The butcher fetched the constable, and charged him to take that man into custody for killing his dog. Sir Thomas de Veil was then the Fielding of Westminster, before whom the *noble culprit* was brought. Mr. Spencer seeing the pomposity of the justice, and knowing what a scrub he was, affected a face of concern and repentance. 'How dared you, Sir (said the justice, as soon as the case was opened) kill this here man's dog, nay, his servant, as a body may call him, who protected his shop with more care and fidelity than perhaps a Christian would have done?' And seeing the dismay his prisoner was under, added, 'Sirrah, what provocation had you to kill this honest man's dog?' upon this severe interrogation, *Bow, wow, wow*, bark'd Mr. Spencer, and running his head furiously in De Veil's face, and taking hold of his coat collar in his mouth, made the *seat of justice*, justice and all, tremble again, to the astonishment of all present.—

A dog killed! justice insulted! a poor butcher ruined! a court of justice contemned! Why, it was almost death without benefit of clergy! 'Commit him! commit him!' cries De Veil.—'What's your name, fellow,' said the clerk, who was filling up the *mittimus*. At length silence being called, the prisoner, with a seeming penitential face, answered, 'My name, please your worship, is Spencer John,' 'But your christian name? your christian name?' 'Why, that is John!'—Now Sir Thomas was no such fool, but he knew that Spencer John turned t'other way, was John Spencer, and that John Spencer was a singular character, and brother to the Duke of Marlborough; and then taking a more steadfast look in his face, recollected his person! A short pause was here very necessary; Sir Thomas took it, and then bursting out into a laugh, ran up to Mr. Spencer, and saluted him, 'Mr. Spencer, said he, I am your most obedient humble servant. Pray, how does my Lord Duke your brother do? Pray Mr. Spencer, do me the honor to sit down;' and turning to the butcher, 'Sirrah, away,—never let me hear again of your keeping dogs to insult gentlemen, and terrify his Majesty's faithful subjects in the streets. I have a mind to—' Here Mr. Spencer interposed, and desired that he might so far prevail as to let the man go quietly home, and look after his mutton, which Sir Thomas, who had just saved his own bacon, thought very equitable.

On the death of the late glorious King William, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely *evangelic*, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion? His friend answered, 'No other than that where he said King before, he must then say Queen; and where he said Lord he must say Lady: our Levite went away well satisfied by his friend's instructions, as you shall hear: for he, next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, 'Almighty, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,' he, with an audible voice, began, 'Almighty, Queen of Queens, and Lady of Ladies.'

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An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, there is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner. 'Ay, answered the Englishman, that was because every man toasted his own cheese.'

When it was reported that Dr. Ford, one of the Patentees of Drury-Lane, had sustained a considerable loss by not succeeding in opening a coal-pit, near Oxford, a certain genius at the Bedford, said, he must certainly be very avaricious, or else he might content himself with the opening of the *pit* in Drury-lane, which was superior in value to any coal-pit in England; and with respect to the *vein* he should endeavour to discover, it was the true vein of humour suited to the taste of the town.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. *Oh madam*, answered she, *it would be a heavenly life, if the first night would last always.*

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen? 'Only a *cobbler's end*,' replied he.

A smart fellow, thinking to shew his wit one night at the tavern, called to the drawer, 'Here, *Mercury*,' said he, take away this bottle full of emptiness.' Said one of the company, 'Do you speak that, Jack, of your own head?'

Quin one day, after a pretty long walk, dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset House, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, 'that there was some nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot.' 'Well then,' said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it.' A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in

a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh about three quarters of a pound. Upon enquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him *twelve shillings*. 'By G—, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your daubs a pound?' 'Sir, she replied rather pertly, we do not sell it by the pound!' 'No, said he, I find you don't; but by G—, you sell it at half a crown an ounce!'

A merry fellow went to the celebrated Dr. Graham, and finding him within, begged to speak with him in the most private manner; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case; the fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, if it should come by any means to his friend's ears, he should be ruined, &c. The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. 'Well, says the fellow, I believe Doctor, you are the only man that can cure me;' the Doctor replied, he had no doubt but let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner: 'I have been a sad raking dog, and so'— 'Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such can remove it in the most obstinate cases.'—Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street—'you picked up a lady, I suppose, says the Doctor,'—'no, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I besouled my fingers, therefore all I beg is, *that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future.*

A female sharper having looked out several pieces of silks at a mercer's facing the above celebrated Doctor's, after having a bill and receipt finished, begged the man of the shop to send them over to the Doctor's in a few minutes, and she would there pay for them. The lady afterwards went to the Doctor's, whom she begged to

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speak with, and then accosted him as follows. ' Doctor, I have a very near relation of mine, who has been a very great rake, and has thereby contracted a most vile disorder, he is withal so very modest, that he will not confess his disorder to any one, and indeed I found it out by mere accident ; I have by a stratagem of pretending you want silks, persuaded him to visit you, and hope you will insist on knowing his disorder ; and if you will effectually cure him, I will most thankfully repay the obligation.' The Doctor assured her he would comply with her request, and did not doubt but he should make a perfect cure of him.' The lady then retir'd, and going down stairs, met the man with the silks, which she took from him, saying, ' Go to the Doctor, who is up stairs, and he will pay you for them.' The misunderstanding that then must take place, is better conceived than expressed : but no doubt when they came to perfectly understand each other, they must admire the ingenuity of the plan : the Doctor would laugh with reason, while the poor mercer would scarcely know whether to laugh or cry.

A couple of Irishmen from the county of Kilkinny, meeting together, one had got lately married, ' Arrah, (says the first) and how d'ye, and so you're after being married.' ' Yes, faith, says the other, this eight weeks or two months.' ' Ay, faith, says Patrick, twash sery unkindly done of you, not to invite me to the wedding after it was over, that I might ha' been after throwing the stocking : well, now, and what sort of a wife have you got ? for upon my shoul, I shall never recover my surprize if you don't tell me, and what sort of a family you're after getting ?' ' *Why Patrick, says Conno, you know I am cole white, and she is cole black, and all our family is like to be pye balls.*

Quin, Cibber, and some more brother comedians, were one night at the Shakespeare, when each other's infirmities were the subject of their raillery. Said Quin to Cibber, ' What in the name of wonder could ever make you think yourself a proper figure for the stage—a snuff-ling

ling fellow without a nose, and a pair of bandy legs?—
'As to my nose, replied Cibber, *that I give up, but I'll lay a bottle of claret there's a worse leg in company than this,*' producing his right leg. Every one gave a contemptuous smile, thinking it an insult to accept the challenge. *'Why then,* said he, producing his other leg, *there's a worse,*' which sure enough it was. This unexpected stroke from Cibber secured him so completely the laugh, that there was no farther attempt made upon his personal imperfections that evening.

A confident thief being arraigned before a Judge for felony; after the indictment was read, 'Now, sirrah, says the judge, what say you to this?' 'Say to it, my lord, says the thief, *I say it is very dirty business; and if I might advise your lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle in't; for I am sure if you do, I shall get no good by it, nor your lordship neither; for I shall go near to bind thee over to the peace.*' 'For what?' says the judge. 'For making me stand in fear of my life,' said the thief. 'Well, said the judge, all this won't save you; for if you ben't hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you.'—'I thank your lordship, said the thief, *and I hope you won't be out of the way; for I am sure I shall have occasion for you before a fortnight goes over my head.*' 'Sirrah, replied the judge, you are an impudent rogue.' 'Not such a rogue as your lordship—takes me to be.'

As a country fellow was selling his load of hay in the Haymarket some time ago, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts public house, were talking of public affairs; one said, That things did not go on right; the King had been at the house, and already prorogued the Parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? 'Ods heart, said he, there's something to do there; the King has, it seems, *berogued the Parliament already.*

A country fellow overthrew a cart full of onions into a pool full of water, 'Ha, said he, there wants nothing but salt and oatmeal to make good porridge.

In consequence of a great clamour made at Covent Garden Theatre, on the evening of Edwin's benefit, on their being disappointed of a Prologue to a new farce, as was promised, Mr. Edwin came on the stage and assured them, the gentleman that had undertaken it had broke his word, having faithfully promised to send it him that morning, which he had not done; "and besides, good folks (cried a wag in the pit) consider this is the *first of April*, therefore don't let us be out of humour at being made fools of, according to ancient custom." This stroke set the house in a roar, and the piece went on without any farther interruption.

A negro servant being asked what colour he believed the Devil was? "Why, replied the African, the white men paint him *black*, we say he is *white*; but from his great age and being called *Old Nick*, I should suppose him *grey*."

At the close of that season in which Quick the comedian first became so universally and deservedly celebrated in his performance of Master Stephen, in the revived comedy of Every Man in his Humour, he was engaged for a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Quick resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Quick to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man—"Money!" returned he with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant—"Oh! Lud, Sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for me, twinpikes and all, your honour!"—Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity—complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Quick, who

who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow traveller.

As a country gentleman was reading a news-paper in a coffee-house, he said to a friend who sat next him, 'I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers.'—'Look among the robberies,' replied the other.

The Empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful Princess in Europe. "*I thought her so yesterday,*" answered the polite Frenchman.

A Friar, who was going to sea, was told not to be afraid in a tempest as long as the sailors swore and blasphemed; but as soon as they began to embrace, ask pardon, and take a last farewell of each other, he might then with reason tremble. The Friar had not been long at sea before a storm came on; and, as he was very fearful, he kept sending a novice of his order, from time to time, upon deck, to listen to the discourse of the sailors.—At first they only talked louder than ordinary; but at last they broke out into their usual oaths. '*Oh Lord!*' said the novice, *we must all perish, father, these wretches are cursing and blaspheming; it would make you shudder to hear them*.'—'God be praised (said the Friar) God be praised, we are safe enough; I hope they will continue to blaspheme!'

A gentleman happening to have high words with a butcher in St. James's market, was at last so provoked that he raised his cane, and threatened to give him a good dressing. 'No, master, says his antagonist, it shall only be *lent*; and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest.'

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty

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beauty, except that she had a bad set of teeth. ' Very true, said the first, but she is a fine woman *in spite of her teeth.*'

The glorious uncertainty of the law extends itself over every state where any regulated code exists. Ingenuity of council in the explanation of periods and interpretation of meanings, is exercised with as much success in the courts of our Gallic neighbours, as in those of our own country.—Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estate from an only son then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition that, on his return, the worthy fathers should give him '*la partie qui leur plairoit* ;—*whatever they should chuse.*' When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a very small share indeed ; the wise sons of Loyola *chusing* to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favor, through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning—' The testator, says the ingenious barrister, has left his son *that share of the estate which the fathers should chuse ; la partie qui leur plairoit,*' are the express words of the Will. Now it is plain what part they have *chuse* by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands on the words of the will : ' Let me have, says he, '*the part they have chose,* and I am satisfied.' It was accordingly awarded to him without hesitation.

Harry Stevens relates an anecdote of a dwarfish man, who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to climb upon a table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed or out of humour, would look down as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask *who it was that kept grumbling there below?*

A welch priest, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, *‘ Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to London to be hanged.’*

A captain, who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly and very deliberately; which the sharper telling him of, he replied, it is very true he did so, because he thought it was the sharper’s common mode of playing, to which he had no objection; but if he preferred the fair game, so be it, he was agreeable to either.

A tattling fellow came and told a person of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging for God’s sake that the other would not tell it again. *‘ Never fear, said the person, I shall be at least as discreet as yourself.’*

A dancing master asked one of his friends if it were true that Harley was Lord High Treasurer. *‘ It is,’* said his friend. *‘ That is very amazing,’* said the dancing-master: *‘ what merit can the queen find in that man; I had him two years for a pupil, and I declare I could never make any thing of him.’*

A certain auctioneer’s coach happening, a few evenings ago, to prevent some noblemen’s carriages drawing up after the play, Lord ——— desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, *‘ Mr. Auctioneer, your coach is a going! a going! a going! It’s gone!’* to the great mortification of the Auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

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Take the externals (M y) from Majesty, and what is it? *a jest.*

In a small town of Prussian Silesia, there is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and considerably enriched with valuable oblations made by pious Roman Catholics. A short time since the sexton observed, that some of the oblations had disappeared. The suspicion fell on a soldier of the garrison, who was constantly seen the first to come in, and the last to go out. One day he was stopped just as he was setting his foot out of the gate; and being searched, two silver hearts that had been appended before the Virgin, were found, in his pocket. The priests made a horrid noise on the enormity of his crime, calling him a sacrilegious man, an execrable villain, and a hellish monster! But he had the assurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery; affirming, that the Virgin, for whom he had ever professed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a present of the offerings. This excuse, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing and he was condemned to die as a church robber. The sentence being, as usual, carried to the King for his approbation, his Majesty convened the chiefs of the Catholic Clergy of Berlin, and put this question to them: Whether, according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any possibility in the story of the soldier? Upon which they all unanimously answered, that the event was indeed uncommon, but not absolutely impossible: after which declaration, the King wrote under the sentence, which deserves perhaps a greater encomium than the famous judgment of Solomon, *'The delinquent having constantly denied the theft, and the divines of his persuasion attesting that the prodigy wrought in his favour was not impossible, we think proper to save his life; but at the same time, for the future, we make it death for him to receive any present of the Virgin Mary, or of any saint whatever.'* Frederick."

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling slowly

in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the Dean; who, desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, and told him that he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. 'For how many, and please your honour?' says Boniface. 'Why, replies the parson, *I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's Chaplains.*' The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived, a large table was set, and the cloth laid. —

'*How's this!*' cries his Reverence, '*you have shewn me the wrong room: this, surely, is intended for a large company.*' — '*And please your honour,*' replied the landlord, '*Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington and one of the King's Chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I'd get enough.*' — 'Oh, very well!' coolly answered the Dean, who now recollected himself, '*I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me.*'

A painter of great wit, being employed by the capuchins of a convent to paint them an altar-piece, the subject of which was to be the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, painted the devil in the habit of a capuchin friar; and when the reverend fathers came in a great rage to demand the reason of this piece of profane insolence, the painter replied, 'Wherefore, my good and ghostly fathers, should you be offended? for what better disguise could Satan find to impose upon our Sa-
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viour than the holy habit of St. Francis; which, as you all know, is the best emblem of innocence and virtue?

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment; *'Your lordship, replied the gentleman, 'is welcome to break the tenth commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the seventh.'*

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living, *'How often, Jack,' says one of them, do you go to prayers?—'We only pray,' replied Jack, 'when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight.'—'Aye,' says the former, 'there's some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea.'*

A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tye wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the young barrister desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head: *'That's well,' said the student, 'we lawyers have occasion for long heads. The barber, who had by this time compleated the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and, an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long!'*

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. *'I beseech your*

Grace, said Malherbe, *to excuse me, I can sleep exceedingly well where I am.*

Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people, *'Take care, young man, said he, that you do not hit your father.'*

A prisoner in the Fleet lately sent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it, *'I have been thinking, said he, that it is a very idle thing for me to lye here, and put you to the expence of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness; and God knows what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I would propose is this; You shall let me out of prison, and, instead of seven groats, you shall allow me only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten-pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt.'*

A miser having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him.—An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged there were one hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, *'The bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say?'* *'Yes, my lord,'* says he. *'Then, replied the Judge, according to the evidence given in Court, this cannot be your money; for here were only an hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears.'*

In the reign of Charles II. a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill fame in Wapping, where he laid all night, and had his whole substance taken

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en from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he should meet with, possessed of cash ; and, accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney Fields, to whom he related his mishap, he insisted on having the loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such behaviour, but to no purpose ; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman, dreading worse consequences, delivered his purse ; but soon after had the sailor taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate ; from whence Jack sent a shipmate with the following strange epistle to the King.

‘ KING CHARLES,

‘ One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of
‘ forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same
‘ sum, who has inhumanly sent me to Newgate, and
‘ swears I shall be hanged ; therefore, for thy own
‘ sake, save my life, or, by G—, thou wilt lose one of
‘ the best seamen in thy navy. Thine,

‘ *Jack Skiffion.*

His majesty, on the receipt of the letter, immediately wrote as follows :

‘ *Jack Skiffion,*

‘ For this time I’ll save thee from the gallows ; but
‘ if, hereafter, thou art guilty of the like, by G—, I’ll
‘ have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my
‘ navy. Thine,

‘ CHARLES REX.’

A negro in the island of St. Kitt’s had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the very sight of him. After exercising a variety of tyrannical acts among his slaves, the planter at last died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his master behaved ; ‘ I suppose,’ says he, ‘ he’s a chip of the old block.’ ‘ No, no,’ says the negro, *Massa be all block himself.*

A Cantab having been affronted by the Mayor, who was a butcher, resolved to take an opportunity of being even with him : accordingly, when it came to be his turn to preach before the corporation, in the prayer before the sermon, he made use of the following expressions. — *‘ And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, herein we beseech thee for the right worshipful the Mayor ; give him the strength of Sampson, and the courage of David ; that he may knock down sin like an ox, and cut the broat of iniquity like a sucking calf ; and let his horn be exalted above his brethren.’*

Dr. South, when he resided at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed on a cold winter’s morning by his clerk, to marry a couple who were then waiting for him. The Doctor hurried up, and went shivering to church ; but, seeing only an old man of seventy, with a woman about the same age, and the clerk, he asked the latter, in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and woman wanted. — The old man replying, that they came there to be married ; the Doctor looked sternly at him, and exclaimed, *‘ Married ! — Yes, married !’* said the old man hastily, *‘ better marry than do worse.’* — *‘ Go, get you gone, you silly old fools !’* said the doctor, *‘ get home, and do your worst.’* And then hobbled out of church in a great passion with his clerk, for calling him out of bed on such a ridiculous errand.

‘ How many cuckolds, without including thee,’ said a citizen’s wife to her husband, *‘ dost thou reckon in our street ?’* *‘ How do ye mean,’* angrily replied he, *‘ without including me ?’* — *‘ Well, dear,’* replied the wife, *‘ if that does not please thee, how many dost thou think there are, including thee ?’*

A booby of a country squire, who made an honest woman of his father’s chambermaid, bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, sobbed out that he was sorry she felt

felt so much pain *on his account*.——‘ *Don’t make thyself uneasy lowe,*’ said the wife, ‘ *I can’t bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was not thy fault.*’

The Marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided ; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which, the major domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the Marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy ; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. ‘ Regard not his price, (cried the marquis, pay him the money directly.’ So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.’ ‘ What, then, would the fellow have ?’ ‘ *An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord, he says he will not bate a single blow !*’ On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. ‘ A fine fish,’ cried the marquis, ‘ What is your demand, my friend ?’——‘ *Not a quatrini, my lord,* answered the fisherman, ‘ *I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back ; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.*’ ‘ Rather than lose the fish,’ (said the Marquis) we must e’en let this fellow have his humour.——‘ Here !’ cried he, to one of his grooms, ‘ discharge this honest man’s demands : but don’t lay on too hard ; don’t hurt the poor devil very much !’ The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship’s orders.—‘ Now, my friend,’ said the fisherman, ‘ keep an exact account, I beseech you ; for I don’t desire a single stroke more than my due. The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the *fiftieth* lash ; when, addressing himself to the servant——‘ Hold, my friend, cried the fisherman, ‘ I have now had my full share of the price.’ ‘ Your share !’ exclaimed the marquis, what is the meaning of all this ?’——‘ My lord,

returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.'—

'And pray, honest friend, said the marquis, who is this partner?' 'Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, *who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish.*—'Ho, ho!' exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, *by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!*' The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had rendered him.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a Harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the Playhouse in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach-window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then, taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but, at length, looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand; when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and, after reproaching the

the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money.—
'No, God bless your honour, said the coachman, my master has ordered me to take no money to night.'—*'Pshaw!* said Rich, your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself!'—*No, no,* said the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, *'that won't do; I know you too well, for all your shoes—and so, Mr. Devil, for once you're outwitted!'*

The late Lady Tyrawuley, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, her ladyship waited below-stairs a considerable time, with much impatience to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal-scuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely desirous of complimenting the family with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility.—*La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! my Lord Duke's nose, my Lady Dutcheff's eyes and mouth! dear nurse, this is an universal joy; for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature!*—The company stared, and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's delightful baby.

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox; and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance. *'Pray gentlemen'* says he, *'are you Fox-hunting, or Hare hunting this morning?'*

A man, whose wife had for some time been indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. *'Well,* said the husband, *I am going to the club; send for me, if I should be wanted.'* In about two hours he returned, and was going

going to bed as usual, when the maid cried out, 'Lord, Sir! don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.'—'Yes, but I will, Betty,' returned he, *I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night together before we part.*

A patriotic candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set. 'Then I won't vote for you,' cried the farmer. 'Why not?' (said the patriot, I thought you was a friend to your country?) 'So I am,' replied the yeoman, *and for that reason I am not for a change in the ministry. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean they eat the devil and ail, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near so expensive; so that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.*

Bishop Thomas, who was a man of great wit and drolery, was observing at a visitation, that he had been four times married; and, should his present wife die, he declared he would take another, whom it was his opinion he should also survive. 'Perhaps, gentlemen,' (continued the Bishop) *you do not know the art of getting quit of your wives; I will tell you how I do. I am called a good husband, and so I am; for I never contradict them. But do not you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that alone is exercise and health, et optima medicamenta, (the best medicine in the world) for all women: but if you constantly give them their own way, they will soon languish and pine, or become gross and lethargic for want of exercise.* —

An artful Popish priest, stationed at the seat of a Roman Catholic family in Yorkshire, had long had his eye on an honest simple miller in the neighbourhood, the father of four or five stout lads, whom the priest considered would be a valuable acquisition to the cause of popery, if the miller's conversion could be brought about.

about. With this view, he one day invited him to see many curiosities in the family-chapel; when the crafty missionary displayed his whole budget of beads, crucifixes, madonas, saints, and relics, and expatiated largely on their exquisite value and workmanship; but more particularly on the miraculous powers and influence of the holy images; concluding his homily with—*‘Well, honest Joseph, what think you of these extraordinary things? are they not truly admirable?’* The honest miller, scratching his head, and leering with great simplicity at the priest, replied in his own country dialect, *‘Wy a, truly Sur, they are so varra pretty; but wheno’s dune, let God alean for mackin a man!’*

Not long since, a Jew came to the Court of King’s Bench, to justify a bail for 1800 l. when, on the usual questions being asked him—if he was worth 1800 l. and a l. debts paid, he replied, *‘My lords! upon my word, dis is a very great shum; and as I am not really wort de half, I will not justify, my lord, for it; but, as de attorney here dia give me 20 l. bank n te to justify, wat wod your lordships have me do vid de monies?’* The Earl of Mansfield, who seemed struck with the answer, immediately replied, *‘You are an honest Jew, and I would advise you by all means to keep the note!’*—Which Mordecai Israel accordingly did; and, as his lordship was going out of court, the Israelite, with many bows and scrapes, said, *‘I hombly tank your lordship; for you are the first who ever cal ed me an honest Jew.’*

Justice Bundle’s charge to the Grand Jury] All laws are laws, and every law is a law; and laws are things made by the lawyers to make men live according to law, without any respect to the gospel; for that is another affair, and to be considered at another opportunity, and by another sort of men, and in another manner. Vide Coke upon Littleton, chap. x. page 15. But as to the law—Now there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men; and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men; but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men, are two different sorts of men; and this

this we gather from Magna Charta, an old man that lived in the reign of King John the Great. Now if all men were good men, there would be no need of law; therefore, ergo, the laws were made for the bad men, and the good men have no business therewith, nor no advantage to receive therefrom. Ergo, therefore, those that receive advantage from the law must be bad men: and so, gentlemen, call up the prisoners, and dispatch them as soon as possible, for I must go out of town to-morrow.

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As a press-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed; who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. *'Haul him along,* says one of the tars, *'he is the very man we want; we press a damn'd number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good manners.'*

A late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and, not being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons; retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waiting on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain; he would not by any means consent either to plead, or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and to that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. *'No, no, Sir,* replied his spirited client, *'I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive that my whole fortune might be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I found one honest barrister to plead for me. I have, therefore, brought my advocate in my pocket!'*—Then, taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that, before he left the room, he would either have his money, or satisfaction! The money was accordingly returned; but,

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losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked word, he would beat her brains out. *'Why, then, Rams Horns, you dog!'* said she, *'if I die for it.'*

An honest peasant settled in a small village, where, in a short time, he gained the good will of all his neighbours. He had, however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it to heart so much, that she absolutely fell sick, and died. The good man lamented the loss of his helpmate with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained for some months quite inconsolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation. *'My friend,'* said one of them, *'the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young and an honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and shall be happy to call you son-in-law.'* Another, on this, offered him his sister; and a third, his niece. *'Good Good, says the mourner, what a strange place this is, since a man who lives here had better lose his wife than his cow! My wife is dead, and lo! you tell me, I may pick and chuse, to supply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another!'*

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a certain sea-port town, discovered over an Admiral's door an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an ale-house. The gentleman, (a ruddy-looking portly man) standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, *'Damn it, landlord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.'* The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer; which being

ing done, the jolly tar drank towards the landlord's very good health, and enquired what was to pay; which the officer told him he might settle the next time he came that way.'

One Sunday, during the summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish-church, in the diocese of Gloucester, were set open to admit more air while the congregation was assembled for divine service. Just as the Clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse (who, by the bye, is not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a jack-ass, which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag present immediately got up from his seat; and, with great gravity of countenance exclaimed,—*'One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!'* The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest, though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant.—*'Plaintiff or defendant!'* says the tailor, scratching his head, *'why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I came to speak for that man, there!'* pointing at the prisoner.—*'You are a pretty fellow for a witness,'* says the counsel, *'not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!'*—Some time after, being asked by the said counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time *'Abast the binnacle, my lord,'* says the sailor. *'Abast the binnacle!'* replied the barrister, *'what part of the ship is that?'*—*'Ha! ha! ha!'* chuckled the sailor, *'a'n't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor, (pointing archly at him with his finger, 'not to know what abast the binnacle is!'* — — —

An Irishman meeting one with whom he had made a slight acquaintance a long time before, accosted him with—*Arrah, by my shoul, my dear honey! I am very glad to see you, now; but by my faith, joy, I have forgotten whether it be you or your brother!*

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him that he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. *Good, my lord,* replied the officer, *for heaven's sake do not mistake: the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit for above a twelvemonth.*

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them—*By G—, brother, you or I will certainly be hang'd!* which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate.—The Marshal, being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, in his rough and hasty manner.—*It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments; however, bring the dog hither.* Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? *Why, my lord,* said the culprit, *when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, whether it is your pleasure to be so: because, if you won't, I must, that's all.*—The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings;

things; and, one being put on his plate, he found it stink so much that he could not touch it. However, he laid his mouth down to the fish as if he were whispering to it; and then took up the plate and put it to his own ear. The gentleman at whose table he was seated, enquiring into the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour, he told him that he had lost a brother at sea about a fortnight ago, and was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him. ‘*Well,* said the gentleman, pleasantly, *and what answer did he make you? — ‘Why,* replied the other very gravely, *he told me that he could not possibly give me any account of my deceased brother, as he had not been at sea these three weeks.’*

At Croydon assizes, a surgeon was called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked upon oath, if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, ‘*we always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*’

The Countess of Fermoy, whose husband, the Earl of Fermoy, forfeited a considerable estate by his adherence to the fortunes of James the Second, being in a shop with a young officer, made a slip behind, at which the military hero affected surprize, and gave a bounce. ‘*Pray,* Sir (said her ladyship) *who did you serve under at the Boyne?*’ The youth answered, ‘*King James.*’ ‘*I thought so,* (replied her ladyship) *for you were both frightened at a report.*’

Two girls picked up a gentleman— ‘*Give my sister and I a glass of wine,*’ said one of the girls.— ‘*You can’t be sisters* (said the gentleman) *for there’s no family likeness.*’ ‘*You are right* (answered the votary to Venus) *we are not sisters in blood—but oh! alas! we are sisters in iniquity!*’

Lieutenant Charles Bourne of the marines, now a prisoner in the King’s Bench Prison, for beating Sir James Wallace, Knt. captain of a man of war; being in his

his room with a few friends, a flash of lightening entered the window, and shivered a decanter to pieces. Mrs. Corbyn, who was present, immediately exclaimed, "Here's a compliment, Charles! *Jove* himself has cracked a bottle with you."

A gentleman, whose father had been robbed of a considerable quantity of plate, dined with the son of a wealthy man supposed to have been a receiver. A large silver tureen was brought to table without a cover. "I am admiring your tureen (said the guest to his host) not so much for its fashion or value, but from a very extraordinary circumstance, which is, that a cover I have got at home would exactly fit it."

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer: "I have told all I know to the Counsel," said the quaker. "I am counsel also," answered the barrister. "Thou may'st be counsel also," (replied the quaker) *but thou art not counsel likewise.* —

A lady playing at cribbage, turned up the trump before she discarded; her partner said it was wrong. "Pardon me (said the lady) I play *all fours* with my husband every night, and always *turn up*."

When the gentleman who altered the comedy of the *Capricious Lady*, presented it to Mrs. Abington, he observed, that he had cut away the character of *Roger*. — "You were right, (said Thalia) *Roger* is a very improper part for the stage, though very amusing in the chamber."

A man indicted at the commission of oyer and terminer for a rape, set up for his defence, that the prosecutrix having frequently come into his garden to steal beans, he told her, if ever she came again, she should not return without a *green gown*; and this he proved by a witness. On being acquitted, Mr. Harward, a barrister,

ster, remarkable for his humour, said to him, '*My friend, you have taken a good method to save your bacon, but a very bad method to save your beans.*'

Charles Bannister, on hearing a dispute on the merits of his own voice and that of Reinhold's, observed to the disputants—"I assure you, gentlemen, my friend Reinhold has the advantage, his *notes* being not only *softer*, but much more *acceptable* than mine."

A judge suspected of bribery, checked his clerk for having a *dirty* face, 'I plead guilty, my lord (said the clerk) but *my hands are clean.*'

Not long since, an Alderman gave it at a city feast for his toast, '*an increase to trade.*'—'*Bravo!* exclaimed an undertaker) *a green Christmas makes a fat church-yard.*'—

A short time previous to the late war, a magistrate, who had served the office of Lord Mayor, read in the papers that the French had taken *umbrage*; upon which he ran to his stock-broker to order him to sell out.—'*The French have commenced hostilities* (said the magistrate) *they have taken Umbrage from us.*' The stock-broker applied to his *Gazetteer*—No such place was to be found. They flew to 'Change-Alley, and there, after some difficulty, the point was cleared up.

A little gentleman of the long robe having a dispute with a remarkable bulky barrister, the big man threatened to put him in his pocket: 'If you do so (said Dapper) you will have more *law* in your pocket, than ever you had in your *head.*'

After the performance of *Love in a Village*, Bannister observed, that Mrs. Wilson's *Madge* was her best part.

The first time Mr. Stephen Kemble and Miss Satchell played together, was in the characters of Othello and Desdemona. In the scene where Othello kisses Desdemona,

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mona, he *blackened* her face. On their being married a few days after, one of the actresses expressed her surprise at the shortness of the courtship. 'Lord, madam, said Mrs. Inchbald) do you not recollect he was *smutty* with her the first night they played together.

When the late Mr. Webb the comedian, and his wife, first applied to Mr. Colman for an engagement, they declared they had only a very small matter, which they mentioned, to live upon. "Bless my soul, my *poor fat* people! (exclaimed the manager, looking alternately at their prominent bellie) how do you contrive to make *both ends meet*?"

The junior counsel who opened the cause of Count D'Eon, concluded as follows;—"and we shall now call witnesses to prove that *he is a she*."

A short time since, an Irish gentleman waited on the Duke of Rutland by eight o'clock in the morning, and his grace knowing that he must have rode twenty miles, politely asked him to stay breakfast.—"Arrah! *an please your grace*, (replies the Hibernian) *whenever I want to get up early, I generally breakfast over night, which saves a deal of time in travelling.*

A lady asked an Irish gentleman how he liked Vestris the dancer. "Upon my shoul (said the Hibernian) I think he *handles his legs* very well."

Macklin and Doctor Johnson disputing on a literary subject; Johnson quoted Greek. 'I do not understand Greek, said Macklin'—'A man who argues should understand every language.'—'Very well,' replied Macklin, and he gave a quotation from *Irish*."

Some persons in Edinburgh murmuring and complaining, that none of the Royal Family ever made a tour that way to visit Scotland; 'recollect yourself, said an Englishman, can you forget that the Duke of Cumberland paid you a visit in the year 1744?

Captain

Captain Courtney, in arguing the smuggling bill, reflected upon the citizens of London, observing, 'they were such friends to contraband trade, that a dramatic writer had drawn a character of an Alderman Smuggler.' Alderman Watson answered, 'that the character alluded to was no more a proof of the fact, than the drawing of *one copper captain*, was a proof that all the army were *poltroons*.

Dean Bailey of Dublin, being governor of the Lying-In Hospital in that city, wrote a card to Miss Catley, requesting she would grant him a *night*. Nan, out of fun, took the invitation literally; and returned for answer, 'that she was at present engaged, but would indulge the Dean with a *night* as soon as possible.' The meaning of the Dean's card was, that Catley should sing at an evening's musical entertainment.

Doctor Magen is alighting at a public house in Drogheda, for the purpose of passing the night, ordered his horse to graze; and meeting with a few social companions, exceeded his usual temperance. He discovered the next morning, that his horse had been pounded for trespassing on a plot of ground belonging to the chief magistrate of the town, who insisted on half a guinea for damages. The Doctor paid the money, and wrote the following lines:

Was e'er a horse so well befitted?
His master drunk—himself committed!
But courage, horse, do not despair;
You'll be a *horse* when he's *no may'r*.

When Mynheer Bentinck, grandfather to the present Duke of Portland, went to Wales to be present at a meeting of the gentlemen of that country, he attempted to make a speech in broken English, and addressed them in the following manner: 'Gentlemen, I *bee com heer for all your goods*.' 'Aye, aye,' replied Sir Watkin Wynne, *and our chattels too*.'

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It happened, in the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, that a nobleman came to him to sit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the necessary sittings, with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never once thought of sending for a reflector, that could only insult him with his infirmities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last, hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. It was couched in the following card. — — ' Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord — — , finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, he is informed again of Mr. H's necessity for the money. If therefore his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man. Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his Lordship's refusal.

This intimation had the desired effect, 'The picture was sent for home, and committed to the flames.

An eminent tradesman at the West end of the town, remarkable for the blunt sincerity of his dealing, had delivered a bill for a debt of about 20*l.* to a noble Lord, not remarkable for the promptitude of his payments; the debt had been due for a dozen years, and the tradesman had called so often in vain, that he was exasperated. — But one morning, by the blunder of a new servant, he was admitted to his Lordship's presence. He was a man of a large and extensive trade, and having realized a fortune of 30,000*l.* he did not happen to pay much reverence to a Lord, when that Lord was long-winded in his payment. He therefore insisted in very positive terms on his money, and hinted something about

the hardship of that law, which gave protection to insolvent peers.—Fortunately he enraged his noble debtor so much, as to urge him to take the uncommon resolution of paying the bill that instant. He accordingly pulled out his purse, and having thrown the money upon the table, he declared that he never in his life saw so insolent a fellow, and he swore that he would punish him for his rudeness, by prevailing on every friend of his to discharge him from their employment. Old Vinegar taking up, and pocketing the money with all the composure in the world, said in answer to this, *‘As to you, my Lord, I’ll take care you never shall employ me—and if you will give me a list of your friends, I give you my word, they shan’t neither.’*

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment, where one of the company sat several hours without speaking a syllable; and, as from the character of the person, there was great reason to suspect that his silence was owing to a supercilious contempt of the company, he determined to shew his resentment the first opportunity that offered.—Accordingly when supper was brought in, he was remarkably assiduous in helping the silent man to the best upon the table, and taking care to supply his plate when he saw it near empty: upon this, one of the company desired to know his reason for this extraordinary attention to the silent person. To which he replied, *‘I assure you, it is from the tenderness of my disposition, for I cannot bear to see a dumb creature want.’* This smart repartee had the desired effect.

A few years since the mate of an East-Indiaman asked a Custom house officer if he was blind. The answer was, *‘only with one eye.’* This was covered with a 36s piece. *‘Lord (said the officer) I have recovered the sight of the other eye.’*—That was likewise covered—*‘How long are you now?’* (said the mate) *‘I am not deaf’*—each of his ears were covered with the coin of Portugal—*‘I can speak,’*—His mouth was now honoured with a Johannes, and he was as dumb as could be wished.

When

When his Majesty paid a visit to Admiral Parker's fleet at the Nore, it was impossible that every sailor on board could have an opportunity of beholding his Sovereign. In consequence of this disappointment, the officers granted liberty to as many as possibly could be spared ashore, to go and see the Royal visitors at Sheerness and Chatham.—When the King entered the lines at Chatham, the croud was extremely great, and pressing very hard to see him; a sailor's curiosity led him so far as to push in front of a serjeant of the 65th regiment, just as his Majesty and the Prince were passing, who was obliged to knock the butt end of his musket on Jack's toes, to keep him back, which made him grumble very much; the King overhearing the dispute turned round to the serjeant, and desired him *'to hurt no person; if he could do his duty by gentle means, do it, if not, let the people satisfy their curiosity.'* The enraged seaman, on hearing this, exclaimed *'God bless your Majesty! I have leave from my officers; and d—n my eyes if e'er a lobster in England shall hinder me from seeing your Royal Kingship!'* This had such an effect on the King and the Prince, that they were observed to laugh very heartily.

A labouring man was carrying home a leg of mutton and a bunch of turnips to his family, he was seized by the press-gang, who were for hurrying him to the place of rendezvous. The man remonstrated, by urging his situation, and the dependance of his family on his labours. At last he begged the lieutenant, he might have leave to carry home their Sunday's dinner. The officer consented, and sent two of his men with him for the safety of his return; but the man no sooner came within sight of his habitation, then taking his leg of mutton in one hand, and the bunch of turnips in the other, aimed two blows so successfully at his kidnappers, as brought them to the ground. He then raised a hue and cry, left them in the hands of the mob, who paid them the usual civilities on such occasions, whilst he made his escape.

The late ingenious Doctor Ward, so justly celebrated for his discoveries in medicine, was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill, than wit and humour. An old woman to whom he had administered some medicines proper for a disorder under which she laboured, applied to him with a complaint that she had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. 'No effect at all?' says the Doctor, 'None in the least,' replies the woman; 'why then you should have taken a bumping glass of gin;' 'So I did, Sir;' 'Well, but when you found that not succeed, you should have taken another;' 'So I did, sir, and another after that.' 'Oh! you did (says the Doctor) aye, it is just as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my prescription, after you confess yourself, that you swallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole system of physic.'

A person in company said to another, you are a d—d scoundrel.—The other replied, 'Gentlemen, you must not mind what that man says, *he is only talking to himself.*'

Some time before Lord H———d's trip to the Continent, when the public defaulter was the general subject of conversation, as he, his lady, and second son were in the coach going to H———d House, my Lord asked his son jocosely, 'What the world thought of him?' The other excused himself for some time, observing he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other assured him he should not, let it be what it would: 'Why then, sir (says Mr. Fox) they say there is not a greater r——e unhang'd!' 'And pray, sir, (returned the father with great emotion) where is your spirit not to resent such an injury?' 'My Lord, replied the son, 'I should by no means want spirit, to resent any injury offered to my father, as I look upon it the same as to myself; nor should any single person dare to mention it with impunity. But surely, my Lord, you would not have me fight the whole nation.'

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Lord Deloraine (who stammers a good deal, being in a cockpit, and offering several bets, which he would have lost, if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown.—A gambler who stood by said *done*; but his lordship's fit of fluttering happening to seize him, he could not repeat the word *done* till the favourite cock was beat. This so provoked the knowing one, that he swore—*'Damn your fluttering blood, if you had been a plain spoken man, you would have been ruined by this time.'*

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. *'Faith Gentlemen (said he) if you all go in, it will not hold you.'*

A clergyman, who was inclined to write notes on Shakespeare's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion. *'Sir, says he, I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; You may sail your own bible, if you please, but pray let ours alone.'*

Sir Richard Steele, though a man of real courage, often declared in public, that he would never fight a duel: This coming to the ears of a pert young coxcomb in the army, he resolved to build his reputation of bravery upon Sir Richard's supposed want of it, and accordingly took an opportunity of affronting him one evening at Burton's Coffee house, in order to be called out; but Sir Richard very coolly said, *'That though he would not fight this son of Mars, he would beat him, and accordingly broke his oak-stick about his shoulders.'*

A French Gentleman who had lodged all his money in the hands of Mr. Fordyce, some little time before he stopped payment, had the good fortune to save it by a droll and lucky accident. While he was standing one day in a fruit shop near the 'Change, a gentleman entered and ordered a desert of fruit of various kinds to the amount of five or six pounds, for his dinner. The Parisian, at his departure, enquired what great Duke or

Lord, or Secretary of State that was, who had been so profuse in the simple article of fruit? He was answered that it was Mr. Fordyce the banker, '*Oh, oh! you say dat* (returned the astonished foreigner) *begar den me go dis minute, and take my money from him, or he will eat it all up.*' He drew out his money immediately, and Mr. Fordyce stopt payment two days after.

An elderly Quaker being joined in the band of wedlock with a brisk widow of the same persuasion, as he was entering the sheets with her on the wedding night, he called for the Lord to direct him. 'Nay, (saith Tabitha) the Lord strengthen thee, and I will direct thee.'

The Marquis of Granby being just returned from the army, went to wait upon the King at Windsor in his riding-dress, all dusty. Two Lords of the bed-chamber meeting him in the anti-chamber, in that dirty condition. 'What a pickle you are in, said they to him, smiling, why you look like a groom!' 'Right, gentlemen, answered the Marquis, just ready to *curry you both very handsomely.*

A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would not have defiled his bed so? 'You mistake, Sir, said he, there was no defiling of the bed in the matter, *for it was done in the field.*

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by wicked men, who made use of violence as well as art, to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? Says the girl, '*Life is sweet, Mamma!*'

A taylor

A taylor, who was accustomed to steal some of his customers cloth, when he came to make himself a suit, stole half a yard of his own ; his wife perceiving it, asked the reason, ' *Oh*, said he, 'tis only to keep my hand in, lest at any time I should forget.

A gentleman had often solicited his wife's maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll* ; but she denied still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she should cry out. —After all was done, ' Look you there now, said he, *did I hurt you ?* ' Well, said she, or *did I cry out ?*

A scrivener's man reading a bill of sale to his master, said, I do demise, grant, and to farm let, all my lands, &c.—but on a sudden the cough took him ; at which, quoth his master, read on, with a pox to you, your heirs, and their heirs for ever.

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them he should not have done it, *but for seven reasons*. Being asked what they were, he answered, ' *A wife and six children*.

The famous Brereton, of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house, which obliged Brereton to take notice of it ; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us ; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. ' *With all my heart*, says Brereton, *come, I'll wound you first ;* so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's

gonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; 'Come, says the gentleman, *where shall I wound you?*'—Bretton putting himself in a posture of defence, cried, '*Where you can, by G—d, Sir.*' 'Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you;*' and so marched off contentedly.

During the late election for Westminster, divers constables, with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving-man) was examined what Lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, '*To the Lord Jehovah!*'—Which word being beyond the Constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord, they replied, '*No;*' however, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, '*Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, I believe it is some Scotch Lord or other.*'

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, '*Why she did not apply to be a Maid of Honour?*' She answered, '*because she cou'dn't push for it.*'

A scholar blowing the fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off; says he, '*I see its cold weather, for the nose of the bellows drops.*'

Mr. Alderman Crosby was boasting of a discovery that he had lately made at the last venison feast at Guildhall; which was, that he had found out the best cut in the haunch. Mr. Wilkes asked him to tell him which it was, '*Not for fifty pounds, Mr. Chamberlain, do you but consider what a corporation I have got to maintain, in comparison to your soup meagre complexion.*'

The celebrated singer, Mr. Bannister, being at a gentleman's seat in the country, on a visit, where, at an inn

inn adjacent, there was held a jovial meeting weekly, of gentlemen farmers and mechanics of the place. On the night appointed, the gentleman takes, in disguise, Mr. Bannister with him, in order to hear a famous blacksmith perform, who had long bore the bell for the best pipe in the country, who unluckily was absent that night : The gentleman in order to have his place in a measure well supplied, begs our Bannister to tune his pipes ; which he doing with his usual good humour, so roused and animated an honest hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his seat, comes round to Bannister in the greatest rapture, and says, ' Give me your hand, mon, egad you sing most as well as our blacksmith.

A patriotic gentleman standing at the window of his house with his wife, whom he had married a few days before, and seeing a beautiful young woman pass along, he said to his wife, ' My dear soul, I'll make you laugh ; you must know that *I had to do several times with that girl there before she married, but she was so silly as to go and tell her mother of it.*' His wife replied, ' Oh, the silly brainless wretch, *I in like manner have had to do an hundred times with our coachman and footman, and never said a word of it to my mother.*'

Lord Chatham making one of a party at whist, one of the gamesters, with a bitter oath declared, he had *the worst hand* in the company ; a considerable bet was proposed, and agreed to by his Lordship, that he had *a worse*. He pulled off his glove, and shewed his *gouty hand*, when the company unanimously pronounced it in his Lordship's favour.

Two gentlemen having words in a tavern, at length fell to fighting with their canes. A stander-by observing one of them to strike his antagonist over the head, while the other only belaboured his sides and shoulders ; after the affray was over, asked the latter why he did not strike upon the head also ; ' Oh, Sir, said he, if I had hit him over the head, I should have broke my cane.

A country clergyman, who was spending an evening with some of his fair parishioners, requested one of them, a young lady about eighteen, to give a toast, which she immediately complied with, and gave *Truth*. The parson observed it was a very good toast, but he did not conceive the whole of its excellency, 'till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the psalm, with a very laudable voice in these words, *His truth at all times firmly stood*. The parson from thence was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

A beautiful young creature, of thirteen years of age, being to be married to a strapping fellow of thirty; the young lady's mother was severely rallied at a tea table conversation, for consenting to such an unequal match; the mother said in her defence, that she had much rather her daughter should *smart* than *itch*.

Sirrah, (says Justice W— to one brought before him, You are an arrant knave; says the prisoner, *'Just as your worship spoke, the clock struck two.*

A very great boaster and bully having been once kicked by a gentleman for his impertinence, turning round, ventured to ask his chastiser, whether he was in earnest? *'Yes, in very good earnest, I assure you,* said the gentleman half drawing his sword. The other, not having courage to answer him in that way, contented himself with saying, *'I am glad I know your mind, for I'll be d—d if I like such jests.*

An Hibernian gentleman, very liable to make blunders, had laid a wager that he would not make one for twelve hours. The wager was a dozen of wine, and a supper.—In order to be safe from blundering, this gentleman scarcely uttered three sentences till the time was nearly elapsed, and the bet given up for lost, when one of the company observing how long the messenger staid that had been dispatched for the wine.—*'O faith!* cries the Hibernian, *I suppose he has broken the bottles, and stays to fill them again.'* This timely ball occasioned the forfeiture

forfeiture of his wager, and the company were literally merry at his expence.

One Mr. Coke, an attorney in the Temple, being once romping with his laundress, whose name was Littleton, it happened that they had a fall, and Mr. Coke falling uppermost, Bob Dallas and a gentleman, who chanced then to come in, seeing them in this situation, the gentleman asked the justice what he thought of this fight? Dallas, who knew the parties, replied, '*It was the best edition he had remembered to have seen of Coke upon Littleton.*'

Mr. S—bridge, a gentleman who was a candidate for a borough in the West, having only one vote, while his opponent had above one hundred, Captain A. hearing of it, said, he wondered Mr. S—bridge did not demand a scrutiny, *as he lost the election only by one.*

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foote never failed to chastise every Scotchman, who at any time in his company chose to ride his national hobby-horse.—On one of these occasions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great sagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to punish him by relating the following story:—‘A ship being in distress at sea (said the wit,) the compass was by some accident thrown down, and dashed to-pieces. —This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to steer without it, nor did he understand how to make one. A Scotch sailor, taking notice of his anxiety, said, *Sir, donna ye know how to make a compass?*’ ‘No, replied the Captain,) *I wish I did.*’ ‘Oout, oout, mon (returned the Scotchman) *the muckle de’el gar me, but I’ll shew thee how to make one, if you’ll give me a sheet of writing-paper.*’ A sheet of writing-paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his shirt, drew forth a louse, and placed it gently on the paper: ‘Now, ken ye weel, captain, (said he) *and observe ye*

that a Scotch louse always travels Southward; so that if ye mind the course of this louse upon the paper, ye may easily find whereabouts the North is, and make your compass accordingly.

A Welch parson wanting his chimney swept, sent for an old play fellow of his: while the job was doing, the parson came into the kitchen, and seeing the man's son holding the bag for his father, says, 'How now, John, do you intend to bring your son up to this trade?' The sweep replied, 'he could not tell, but if he behaved well, and tractable, he believed he might; but if not, he should make a parson of him; for (says he) you must know, it is a clever fellow that can go up a chimney, and sweep it; but any fool can go up into a pulpit and preach nonsense, as you do.'

A taylor's apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, who the foreman told him always gave a shilling upon those occasions; and, as that was the foreman's perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him, by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence — The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman would apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient. 'Sir, (says he to the gentleman who gave him six-pence) I wish you would give me two six-pences for a shilling.' He readily consented, but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him with the sixpence he had received from him, 'Why this is only sixpence,' (says the gentleman.) 'You are mistaken, Sir, (replied the boy) it must be a shilling, for our foreman says, you always give a shilling.' — The gentleman was so pleased with the archness of the boy, that he gave him half a crown instead of a shilling.

As the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged

lodged all night : in the morning the Dean called for his boots ; the servant immediately took them to him ; when the Dean saw them, ' How's this Tom, (says he) ' my boots are not cleaned ? ' ' No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again : ' ' Very well, (said the Dean) go and get the horses ready.' In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready ? ' Yes, Sir,' (says the servant :) ' Go bring them out then,' (says the Dean :) ' I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir,' says Tom : ' Oh ! *no matter for that,* (says the Dean) *if you had it, you would soon be hungry again.*'—They mounted and rode off ; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and fell to reading ; a gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. ' Who is that gentleman,' (said he to the servant) ' 'Tis my master, Sir, said Tom ; ' I know that, you blockhead, (said the gentleman) ' but where are you going ? ' ' *We are going to heaven,* Sir, says Tom. ' How do you know that, (said the gentleman. ' *Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.*

One who had been obliged to take up his lodgings in St. George's Fields, being brought up by habeas corpus to give evidence on a trial at Westminster-hall, the late Counsellor Dunning asked him with a sneer, whether he was not a King's Bench Collegian ? ' Yes, Sir, replied the other, *and I really thought that by residing there, I should have avoided the impertinences of Dunning !*

The late Pope (Ganganelli) seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied, that he had been bred to none, but that his father was a merchant, who had failed and died in Florence. ' *Whatever your father was* (said

(said his holiness) *I see you are inclined to be a painter, but it is not customary to take off church-pieces in the manner you did.* The young man began now to excuse himself, but the Pope desired him not to be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing, at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared it was a protestant, from which heresy not a step had been taken to convert him. *' Ah ! (said Ganganelli) as a Pope I am bound to commend your pious care: but as a man, I must tell you, that painting is of no religion.*

A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plough boy left his work and went home; but his master seeing him there, told him that he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained downright. A day or two afterwards proving a very rainy day, the boy stayed till dusk, and being almost drowned, his master asked him why he did not come before? *' Why I should (says the boy) but you see I shou'dn't come hoam wore it rained downright; and it has not rained downright yet, for it was assaunt all day long.'*

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his, observed that his cloaths did not fit him at all. *' How the devil should they, (said the honest Hibernian) for when the taylor took measure of me, he was in London, and I was in Dublin.'*

A student in one of our Universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. *' I never lend my books out (said the latter) but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of it as long as he pleases.'* A few days after, he that had refused the book, sends to the other to borrow a pair of bellows.

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'I never lend my bellows out, says this other, but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. *'Friend Charles, said Penn, Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?'* — *'Friend Penn, replied the King, it is the custom of this place for no more than one person ever to be covered at a time.*

A formal fellow enquiring for Mr. Owen at his own house, and looking over the hatch, asked an arch boy, in a drawling way, *'if Mr. O—en was within?'* — *'To which the boy merrily replied, N—o.*

When General Bligh was a captain in a marching regiment, as he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened to be only just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the mean time some sporting gentlemen of the country coming in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were? The landlord told them, he did not directly know; but he believed the gentleman was an *Irish Officer*. *'Oh! if he's Irish (says one of the company) a potatoe will serve him. Here, waiter, take up this watch (pulling out an elegant gold watch) carry this up stairs, and ask the gentleman what's o'clock?'* The waiter at first remonstrated; but the company insinuating upon his delivering the message, he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh, as may well be imagined, was surprized at such an impudent message; but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, that he would tell them before he parted. This message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up to him in quiet; which, after he had eaten, he claps a couple of large horse pistols under his arm, and

and going down stairs, introduced himself into the company that had sent up such a message, by telling them he was come to let them know what o'clock it was; but first begged to be informed, to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged;—here a perfect silence ensued. Mr. Bligh then began on his right hand, asking them severally the question, each of whom denied knowing any thing of the circumstance. ‘*Oh! then, gentlemen, (says he) I find I have mistaken the company; the waiter some time since brought me an impudent message from some people in this house, which I came, as you see, (pointing to his pistol) properly to resent: but I find I have mistaken the room.*’ Saying this, he wished them a good evening, which they as politely returned: paid his bill, he then stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept till his death, and has lately left it by will, with a large fortune, to his brother the present Dean of Elphin.

General Armiger’s death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a maid of honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. ‘*Miss, (replied the wit) the General died of a parenthesis.*’

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntingdon races, when a horse by the name of Satan ran for the plate.—Lord Sandwich coming up to a gentleman, said, ‘*Sir, my eyes are not very good; which horse is first? I have bet on Satan.*’ ‘*Aye (replied the other) you are on the right side; the Devil is always a friend to your Lordship.*’

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King’s Bench, Foote was taken to a Spunging-house; when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son. ‘*Dear Sam, I am in prison.*’ Answer, ‘*Dear Mother, so am I.*’

When

When the Duke of Grafton was informed of his divorced Dutchess being married to Lord U—p—r O—s—y, 'Aye, says his Grace, it is high time, for she has long been under O—s—y.'

During the time of the attack on Sullivan's island, General Lee was one day reconnoitering the communication made by the bridge of boats between that place and the Continent. As the balls whistled about in abundance, he observed one of his aid de-camps, a very young man, shrink every now and then, and by the motion of his body, wished to evade, if possible, the shot. — 'Sdeath, Sir, (cried Lee) what do you mean? Do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above an hundred aid-de-camps in one campaign?' 'So I understand, Sir, (replied the young officer) but I did not think you could spare so many.'

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobleman of his time, and tho' he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence sufficient to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt to speak, he gave a true picture of this *mauvais honte*. Says he, 'My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise this time—My Lords and Gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches.—My Lords and Gentlemen, if I ever attempt to branch in this place again, I'll give ye leave to cut me off root and branch for ever.' and he sat down.

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensuing, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people; they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the Magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man: the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, 'He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor

nor any that ever lived; therefore, if that is to be the case, you may let him go,—for damn me if I swear to such a lie.

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause. In his address to the Jury, he said, 'That for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him Mr. Van. When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. Bear.

In November last, a rider to a capital house in Watling street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprize, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. 'Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind) I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kind of you just to fire a pistol through my hat.' 'With all my heart (said the highwayman) *whereabout will you have the ball?*'—'Here, (said the rider) *just by the side of the button.*'—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

General Guise, when Captain, had the honour of taking Field-marshal Tallard prisoner. Many years after, as the General was driving through that part of Versailles where the Marshall lived, he ordered his coachman to stop. When the servants came to the door, the General asked 'if Tallard was at home?'—In a country

try where etiquette is so much observed as in France, the servants rather wondered at his freedom; however, the enquiry was followed by an invitation to dinner, when the Marshall took notice in an humourous manner of his servants surprize at his asking, whether Tallard was at home; to which the General replied, *'Why, Cæsar was Cæsar, and Pompey was Pompey, and Tallard is Tallard, what would Tallard be more?'*

The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener's coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some tooth-picks. *'Well, said the Marquis, what is the price of your toothpicks?'* *'A guinea a-piece,'* replied the man. *'A guinea a piece!'* said the Marquis, *why toothpicks must be very scarce at Margate, surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price?'* *'No,'* replied the man, *'toothpicks are not scarce here, but Marquisses are.'*

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day, not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner time, when instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a *neck of mutton*; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he would wait for something else. The Alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. *'Oh! is it so,'* said Foote, *then John, bring back the mutton, for I see it is neck or nothing with us.'*

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening lately, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox Heath Camp; one of them said, he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, *'for his part, it was no trouble*

trouble to him to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarm, and therefore he had nothing to do but to pull the string; and then he could wake himself at what hour he pleased.

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humor, as very many of that fraternity are, being at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favor, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song? I do, said he. Then if thou art inclined, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee. After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began amusing himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he.—It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not fam'd for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty: the rider paused, and said, he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. 'Thou mayst finish thy song, friend, said one of them, for I can assure thee, that clock goes five minutes too fast.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? 'O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to night.' The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, 'O God forbid!'

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonsor was giving him an account of the present seat of war in America, and describing General Prevost's situation before Charles Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him, that he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country upon his head with the razor.

A gentleman

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him, he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, Sir, said he, where is your place? *'In the Gloucester coach,* said he, *Sir, I secured it this morning; and you, Sir, have cured me of my higher ambition.'*

It is very common for people in general, who live at any great distance from the metropolis, or any other place where particular articles are to be purchased which they want, to trouble any person traveling there with a variety of commissions. It happened that a gentleman of Verona was about to take a long voyage, and as usual, almost all his friends begged the favor of him to purchase for them such and such commodities, and only one of them advanced him the amount of the desired purchase. Now, had this gentleman complied with the solicitations of all his friends, it would have taken up much more money than he could spare, and would have procrastinated his journey to an unusual length; he therefore entirely omitted every one, except that for which he had the money in advance. Upon his return, after about a year's absence, he had numberless applications for the different commodities, and he gave this general answer. *'As I was upon my voyage, and standing one day upon deck, I was looking over my different commissions, when suddenly there came a gust of wind, which blew them all away, except one, and the weight of the money inclosed in the commission prevented its sharing the same fate.'*

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? *'No, madam,'* replied he. *'How extremely well and fresh you look, (cried the lady) surely you make use of wiper broth?'* *'On the contrary, madam, (said the gentleman)*

tleman) the cause I look so well is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do *with wipers.*

When the celebrated Peau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription? *'No faith, Doctor, said Nash, if I had, I should have broke my neck for I threw it out of a two pair-of-stairs window.'*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot demanded his money, with the usual compliments; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. *'With all my heart,* said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *'That you may, if you can,* replied the highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded;* and rode off very coolly with his booty.

A certain swaggering officer being in company with Mr. Charles Bander, bragged egregiously of the number he had slain by his own hand abroad, in omuch, that, by his own account, he had demolished at least five hundred. *'Sir,* says Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me see—five at Madrid—ten at Lisbon—twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely disembarked before a desperate son of a bitch of a fellow killed me.'—'Killed you!* says the officer, *D—n you, what do you mean by that?'—'Sir,* replies Charles, *I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?'—*

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear

dear wife. *'Faith, Sir, says the wit, I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your dear wife.'*

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish where Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. *'Hey-dey, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free, methinks; for tho' you make the company sing what you please on Sundays, I can see no reason you shou'd oblige them to do so every day in the week.'*

The late Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself *incog.* went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull, (being true game) gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner, (a butcher in Clare-market) stood close to the Prince, fairly pinn'd the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *'See there, my Prince, that is my dog, rot me if it 'ent.'*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise, *'Tom, (says he) here's a guinea which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road.'* — *'Yes, Sir, (says the footman) I'll endeavour.'* — When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? *'Yes, Sir, (says the man) I did it sli'y.'* — *'Aye! Tom (says the master) I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how?'* *'Why, Sir, (says the footman) The people refused him at breakfast, and so they did where your honor dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the Turnpike I whipped him in between the halfpence, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.'*

Beau

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath hospital; a lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, '*You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket.*'—'Yes, madam, says he, that I will with pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop;' then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, 'One, two, three, four, five.' '*Hold, hold* (says the Dutchess) *consider what you're about.*'—'Consider your rank and fortune, madam, (says Nash) and continued telling, 'Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.'—Here the Dutchess called again, and seemed angry.'—'Pray compose yourself, madam, (cry'd Nash) and don't interrupt the work of charity;' 'Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.' Here the Dutchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. 'Peace, madam (says Nash) you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam, and upon the front of the building—ma'am, 'Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.'—'I won't pay a farthing more,' says the Dutchess. 'Charity hides a multitude of sins, (replies Nash) 'Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.'—'Nash, says she, *I protest you frighten me out of my wits, L—d, I shall die!*' 'Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, (answered Nash) and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued: when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Dutchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, '*stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him.*' But her Grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her. 'Come, says she, *I will be friends with you, tho' you are a fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity.*'

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. 'Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so?' 'Prithee where is the wonder?' says the other, 'if she had got me with child, you might have wondered indeed.'

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, 'Lord bless me, I've forgot my laced waistcoat!' The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed.—'You mistake me, replied the guest, I don't mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a lace behind.'

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of a speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken winded was. 'Yes, but I do, says the man, for he cries a-hem, hem, just as do.'

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, 'What, Sir, do you call me a rogue?' 'No, I don't call you rogue, said the merchant, but I'll give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, who will say you are an honest man!

An arch barber, at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, (the old balsam) were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some days after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote,

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who

who told him very coldly, *'That he could not promise'.*
'Not promise ! says the gentleman, why I thought I had been shaved here !' *'Tis true, says the barber, you was, but another gentleman has been trimmed since that ; however, if you please, I'll trim you again ; and then I'll tell you my mind.*

An honest publican, whose heart was better than his head, and who was very fond of drinking with his customers, when the pot or bowl was out, always insisted that he who emptied the *last*, should begin upon the new one, observing, that *tops* and *bottoms* should go together.—One afternoon, two men genteelly dressed went into the back room, where they called for a tankard of beer, and accordingly the liquor was brought them, as was then the custom, in a silver tankard. Having paid their reckoning, they went away, when the landlord going down stairs to draw beer for other customers, in the same vessel, found the bottom was taken out. On this, coming up again in a violent passion, a plain dressed man, who had all the while sat in the tap-room, inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness, was no sooner informed of it, than he said he was acquainted with the persons in question ; that he knew them to be sharpers, and could easily trace out their haunts if the landlord would go with him. This was accordingly agreed upon, and after an absence of about half an hour, this man returned seemingly in great agitation, telling the landlady that he had caught the men, who were then before Justice Addington ; but added, that they could not be committed unless the remainder of the tankard was sent, in order to identify the bottom of it.—This was readily granted, and he departed ; but the husband returning soon after, when his wife congratulated him on his having taken the thieves, declared this was so far from being the case, that his guide had deceived him, and escaped through some courts, where all pursuits were vain.—Being told of what had since passed, he again burst into a violent passion, when an old customer of his, who remembered his usual sayings, cried, *'Landlord, it signifies little for you*

you to be angry, and besides you know tops and bottoms ought always to go together.'

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side of the lining of the waistcoat, a plate of brass, as a shield from the enemy; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches; the officer being immediately after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and push'd him over. The enemy then left him. When he got safe to camp, he could but extol the taylor's conduct, *Who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate passion as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang!* "What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend?" "No, says Jack, but I am thinking how big the ovens were that baked them."

A certain nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Younge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? "Your lordship, said she, is the best in the world."

A young lady of pretty high spirits, who was just entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, honour and *bey*. Nay, madam, said the parson, you must say *obey*; I cannot say you are married if you do not speak the words as the office directs: but still she would only say as she had done; and the parson again reproving her, ‘*Let her alone, Doctor, says her husband, let her only say bey if she has a mind to it now, and I will make her cry O at night.*’

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Alban’s, one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of a road, *How many miles it was to London?* to which he replied *twenty*; one of the Irishmen said, we shall not reach London to-night; ‘*pho*, says the other, *come along, it is but ten miles a-piece.*’

A country fellow subpoenaed for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loth to speak, and humm’d and haw’d for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. ‘*My lord, said he, you’re a cuckold.*’ The judge seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him speak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them.*

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, ‘What shall we do, Bess, if you prove with child?’ ‘Oh! very well, said she, *for I am to be married to-morrow.*’

A Westminster Justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Spring Garden Coffee-house, Charing Crois, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice asked him, if he would swear that the
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ground came to the money. The man said, 'he would take his oath on't.' The Justice replied, '*Friend, I'm a magistrate;*' and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six pence, saying, '*He must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.*'

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, with but one gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, ordered the gate to be nail'd. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, '*Well,*' replied he, '*I can take that, or any thing else but physic, from my good friend, Dr. Ratcliffe.*'

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill *but what was fair and reasonable*. 'Nay (said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray, what is the meaning of that, Sir?'— '*Oh! Sir,*' said he, '*that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country.*'

A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company, watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the button-hole of his bosom; which the master of the house perceiving,

ceiving, asked him in good humour, what was his fancy for that? *'Why,* said he, *I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman, over against me, put one into his pocket.'*

A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the design of robbing a mulberry tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one of the maids came just under the place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, 'till the business they came about was over; when the chambermaid began to give vent to those fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. *'Lord, John,* said she, *now you have had your filthy will, what if I should prove with child, who will take care of it?'*—*'There is one above,* replied John, *I hope will provide for it.'*—*'Is there so,* said the countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's bastards, it shall be for one of my own begetting.*

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired what answer the lady had sent him? *'Answer!* said the girl, *why she has sent you this for a token* (giving him a smart slap in the face.) *'Aye* (cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chops) *and you have lost none of it by the way, I thank you.'*

A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest, a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion, and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus; *'That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall*

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with him. The champion, without more words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; so with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again; the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, called to speak to him. "*Well, says the champion, have you any thing more to say to me?*" "*No, no,* (replied the fellow) *only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my horse after me.*"

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of Scripture for his text, "*What, cannot ye watch one hour!*" at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awak'd him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, "*James the first and the sixth waver not;*" meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland. At first the King was somewhat amaz'd at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in ordinary. After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford, to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text, "*Sleep on now and take your rest.*" Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying,

saying, ' *Whereas I said before, (which gave offence) What ! cannot ye watch one hour ? I say now, ' Sleep on and take your rest,*' and so left the University.

A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and staying with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest; and to be rid of him, feigned a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was slender: The gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolved to stay seven weeks longer but he would see them friends again.*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, ' When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. ' *Faith,* said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fool'd no more.*

The Bishop of D———m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, ' *I have something in my hand, my Lords,* said he *for the benefit of the officers widows.*'—Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, ask'd, ' *in which hand, my lord ?*

In a little country town, it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God (or as it is commonly called) to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this woman,* said, *O Lord save this lady.* The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with

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with his master, answered, *Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.*

A living of 500l. per annum, falling in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, Sir Watkin Lewes, recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his Lordship approved of. In the interim, the Curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30l. per annum, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10l. a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60l. a year instead of 30l. The parson, in some confusion, replied, He was sorry he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word.—‘How! (says my lord) have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I’ll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I’ll give to another.’ And saying this, he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, the Chancellor told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him a to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The Curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thank for his goodness, and was going to withdraw when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, ‘*Well, my friend. I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of the living, it is at your service.*’ The curate, almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness

had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

The said noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. *'Why really (said my lord) I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;'* so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave the game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out.— Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did; and turning to the parents of the child, *'Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.'*—

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman stepped in the next room, and told his wife he had invited the Doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide

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provide something extraordinary for dinner. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, 'till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, ' That if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors.' Upon which the Doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, ' *I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me.*'

The Earl of Crawford, notwithstanding his great good nature, upon some provocation was, at a certain time, forced to lay his cane across the shoulders of Sir Harry ———, who took it very patiently. Some time after Sir Harry himself caned a fellow, who was a great coward : Upon which my lord meeting him the next day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved so gallantly yesterday. ' Aye, my lord, (said he) *You and I know our men.*'

An old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her ; and as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret ; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal groan, *O ! John Turner ! John Turner !* ' No, I think mother, (said he) *she lies very well already.*'

The Emperor of Germany some time since travelling before his retinue, as is his usual way, attended only by a single aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept a public house somewhere in the Austrian Netherlands. The man having his house pretty full, it being fair time, and not knowing who his guest were, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which he very readily complied with, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours after, several

ral of his suite came to enquire after him, when the publican understanding whom he had had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. 'Psha! man, never mind this affair (said one of his attendants) Joseph is used to such adventures; he'll think no more on't.' 'Aye, *that may be* (replied the landlord) *but by G— I shall never forget the circumstance of having an Emperor in my house, and letting him off for three and sixpence.'*

Counsellor Garrow, of scrutiny memory, soliciting a place in a public line, was offered the post of Solicitor-General to one of the ceded islands, but finding that the profits and emolments were nothing, and only an honorary post, replied, 'Why if I accept that office instead of being Solicitor General, I must be General Solicitor, and beg my way to the place.'

A certain pragmatistical Banker, who had come from very low origin, was continually boasting of his consequence, one day when he was launching out in this strain, a reputable literend was determined to open his self-importance; and at a public meeting at the London Tavern, says, 'Why I think Mr. ———, you and I have done very well, considering what a little cash we began with; I remember when I came from Yorkshire, I had only one half crown left, which I put in my mouth on Finchley Common for fear of being robbed; and I think you had not so much.' The other piqued at this relation, replied, 'It's well known I had gold in my pocket.'— 'Gads so, says the other, that's true, for I remember the parish made only one collection for me, but they went round the second time for you.'

A new anecdote of Dean Swift.] When Swift was at Quilen, a country seat of Dr. Sheridan's, he went one Sunday to church, at the distance of more than two hours ride. The Parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, 'after that it was too far to ride homewards: no, I shall dine with my neighbour Keilly, at Virginy, which is half way home.' Reilly, who was what is called there, a gentleman

tleman farmer, was proud of the honor, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife, to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on a new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head; when the lady was introduced to the Dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a dutchess, making several congees down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments, he addressed his host.—

‘ Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here. Let us go and look over your demesne. — Estate! (says Reilly) Devil a foot of land belongs to me, or any of my generation; I have a pretty good lease here from Lord Fergul, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.’ — ‘ Well, but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?’ — ‘ Why, don’t you see her there before you?’ — ‘ That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman; and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer’s wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it.’ — Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint immediately, withdrew and changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand, and saying, ‘ I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly, this husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.’ — He then laid hold of young master’s fine laced hat, and with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed the family put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to shew that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

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However, as he soon resumed his good humour, they recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "*I do not intend to rob you, Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment.*"

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas inclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country he kept an eye upon them, and found his lesson had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. On the Dean's return to Dublin he waited on Lord Fergul, and procured a renewal of Reilly's lease.

At Hampstead Assembly, some years since, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not perhaps with all the grace of a *Vestris*, was observed by a Maccaroni, in the same country dance, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant manner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, he came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, "*Why be presumed to take him off!*" "*Me, Sir, (says the other) you mistake the matter, 'tis my natural way of dancing.*" "*Is it (said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse) well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural; but bark'ee, my friend, be sure you continue in that natural step all night; for, by G—, if you once attempt to make it artificial, I'll break every bone in your skin.*"—The poor maccaroni was obliged to subscribe to the sentence, to the no small amusement, as well as satisfaction of the whole company.

As a poor man was passing thro' Smithfield, who could hardly walk, was stopped by a young man, who offered to carry him. "*No, replies the old man, I shall buy an ass to-morrow.*"

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the Doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, '*I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.*'—The Doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes, to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, to be hors'd upon another boy's back; but, before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done, '*I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breach, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.*' 'I forbid the banns, (cry'd the boy;) ' *Why so,* (said the Doctor.) ' *Because the parties are not agreed,*' (replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the Doctor, who lov'd to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick at the Theatre of Drury-Lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world to that Theatre, and Mr. Rich, was playing his pantomimes at Covent-Garden, to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one morning at the Bedford coffee-house; they fell into conversation, and Mr. Garrick asked the Covent-Garden manager, 'How much his house would hold when crouded with company?'— '*Why, master* (replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given) '*I cannot tell, but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give you an account.*'

When Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His Lordship once remarking at his table, that purfers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty. A son of the church, who was present,

present, opposed the doctrine; '*What!* cries his lordship, *cannot ye watch as well as pray!*'

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. 'What are those?' said another. '*In the first place,* (answered he) *I have no money.*' 'Oh! (said the first) *if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.*'

A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having married a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favor; but she refusing, tho' as he thought, but faintly; his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself, the maid being gone out of the way on some errand, he told her, that night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. '*If you do,* said she, *beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed chamber.*'— At night the spark opened the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, asked 'who was there?' 'Tis I (answered the journeyman) and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the *great knife.*— '*Oh! what a silly jade was I,* said she, *to leave the knife in the kitchen.*'

A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife, in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at least casting too favourable an eye upon, a young Captain in the neighbourhood; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran so upon the Captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest
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part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, 'That for some particular reasons, he desired she would not see the Captain in his absence.' The man was very much displeased at being sent back again through the dirt on such an idle errand; and having a little more discernment than his master, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing, was oftentimes the readiest way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the message: but when he came home, and his lady with great surprize asked him the reason of his return so soon, and if his master was come to any hurt? He answered her, 'No, but that he had sent him back with a very odd message to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it. He desires, said he, madam, of all love and kindness, that you will not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his absence.'—'Ride upon Ball, cried she, 'the man is mad, sure! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his commands.'—But the man was no sooner out of sight, but she calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her husband had sent her; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account: 'For my part, continued she, such a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken such pains to have put it there: and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me, Betty? I shall never be easy till I try.'

The maid, who was always ready to assist her mistress in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the dog to her, and that she verily believed he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his mistress mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head against the frame of the great old-fashioned table, which gave her such a cut in her forehead, that she was obliged to have it plaistered and bound up with a linnen cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her husband returned, who enquiring with much concern into the occasion of it, 'Why, what did you send me word, by Harry, said she, that I should not ride upon Ball?

Ball? The man standing close by his master, (on his master appearing angry, whispered in his ear, 'better so, Sir, than worse.'

Tom Selby, the organist of St. Sepulchre's, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening service; and his auditory seeming on day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared. '*Adad, Sir, said his organ-blower, I think we did rarely to day.*' '*We, firrah,*' said Tom, '*Aye, we, to be sure,* answered the other, *what would you have done without me?*' The next Sunday Tom sitting down to play, could not make his organ speak, whereupon calling to his bellows, blower, asked him what he meant? why he did not blow? '*Shall it be we then?*' said the other. Which Tom was forced to consent to, or there had been no music.

The new ninety gun ship the Atlas, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. — This part happened to be no other than all North America; and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American.

Sir S. C. waiting on Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his Highness's hand, and in the attempt, a pretty loud crepetus exploded. '*How, now, (cries the Protector) do you, Sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners?*' '*No, please your Highness, (replies the Knight) it was an impudent rascal that escaped thro' the postern.*'

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, who were all cotemporaries and intimates of Lord Bathurst, took the advantage

vantage of a fine frosty morning to walk down to a little place his lordship had, 'about eleven miles from town. — When they were about half way, Swift, who was remarkable for being an old traveller, and getting the best room and warmest bed, pretended he did not like their pace, and said he would walk on before, and inform his lordship of the journey. This they agreed to, but he was no sooner out of sight than they, judging his errand, sent off a horseman by a bye way, to inform his lordship of the particulars. The man got there time enough to deliver his message, when his lordship recollecting Swift never had the small pox, thought of the following device. When he saw him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet him, expressing his happiness at seeing him, but was mortified at one circumstance, as it must deprive him of the pleasure of his company, and that was, that a raging small-pox was in the house, but begged he would accept such accommodations as a little house at the bottom of the avenue would afford. Swift was necessitated to comply, and in this lonesome situation, afraid to speak to any one around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down in a body to inform him of the deception, and that the fifth best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, however he might be inwardly mortified, thought it his interest to join in the laugh: when they all adjourned to the mansion-house, and spent the evening in that manner that can be very well conceived by those who were in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name, and profession? *Why, and please your honour, (says he) my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave digger, at your worship's service.*

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An old gentleman, who used to frequent one of the medical coffee houses in this city, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his health; accordingly he one day took an opportunity of a *tete a-tete* in one of the boxes, to ask one of the faculty, as a friend, *'what he should take for such a particular complaint he then laboured under?'* *'I'll tell you what you should take, (replied the Doctor jeeringly) I think, Sir, you ought to take advice.'*

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was *Ruffel*. *'Pray (says the gentleman) is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?'* *'As to our arms, your honour (says the porter) I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between our coats.'*

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. *'Your lady may be apparently dead, said the Doctor, yet not actually so.'* He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient really dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it, *'I see, (said the Doctor, with much seriousness) the poor lady expected me; God rest her soul.'*

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining lately at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, and a couple of rabbits, was accosted after dinner by his servant, in the following manner. *'Please Sir, to order the cook to bask the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat.'* His master bid him not to be impertinent before company, and he should take another opportunity of speaking to him; however, the man persisting in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. *'Do you really mean I should leave you then?'*

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said the man. 'Certainly!' replied the gentleman. 'I'll expose you then (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us; a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when he is out of place, (says the fellow) but I am determined my master, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.'

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief, for such he was, began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twilted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drawing out of his pocket a pen-knife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close from his head. 'Murder! murder!' (cries the thief) 'Robbery! robbery!' (cries the gentleman) upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, cried, 'There are your tags and buttons!' 'Very well (says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner) there is your ear.'

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, 'Madam, says he, I have beard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other!'

Some years ago the late Colley Cibber dined at a great man's house. Five things were placed on table in silver dishes, and silver covers to each; when the company were called from the study to dinner, which consisted of the gentleman of the house, a hungry Scotch author, a captain of a ship, and Colley. As soon as they came to the table, each dish was uncovered by a fine gentleman in

in a laced waistcoat and ruffles, and given to five footmen to carry off; and, to their great surprize, consisted of, at top a silver dish with seven veal chops, broiled off a neck of veal; at bottom, six Yarmouth dried herrings (broiled) in a silver dish; on one side a silver dish with boiled spinnage, and five poached eggs; on the other, side a silver dish, with nine boiled white potatoes; in the middle a silver dish, mounted on a silver stand, with some potted char.—It being Christmas time, Colley only eat one chop and a little char, expecting the second course something more substantial; when, all on a sudden, (as soon as they had got down each a chop,) the gentleman cried out, ‘*Do any of you love toasted cheese?*’—As none of them had dined, they all cried ‘*Yes.*’—Immediately a fine silver cheese-toaster, in a silver pan, was brought in with the toasted cheese.—Then the master of the house, who had all dinner-time drank port wine and water, drank the King’s health in a bumper, which was pledged by all the company; then another toast was drank, which finished that only bottle they had; when he cried out. ‘*Bring in the tea;*’ and bid the coachman have the chariot at the door at six; which was genteelly bidding them go off by that time, which they did; but as they passed thro’ the hall, five fellows with ruffles had the impudence to stand open sisted to be touched; but Colley cocked his hat, and taking the Scotch author with him; ‘*Gentlemen* (said he, in my lord’s hearing) *I am going to dine at the Cardigan’s Head, and shall pay for my dinner there.*’

A fellow, who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est il Monsieur?* (In French, *What is it o’clock, Sir?* To which the gentleman answered *Nescio.* (In Latin, *I don’t know.*)—‘*Damn it* (said the fellow) *I did not think it was near so late;*’ and ran off, as though he had something of consequence to do.

Mr. Foote, the late Will. Collins, and one or two of their acquaintances, went once to hear Orator Henley;
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one of whose subjects for that evening was a fellow, who had been lately hanged at Tyburn. While he was haranguing hereupon; these sparks took it into their heads to groan : Upon which Henley stops short, ' *Gentlemen, says he, you have a right to groan; for I make no doubt the deceased was one of your near relations.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence ; upon which the prosecutor cries out, ' *Ten pence ! my lord ; why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds. — Ob ! (says his Lordship) we must not hang a man for fashion sake.*

A Scotch Member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his Lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. ' *What's the matter ?*' quoth the Marquis. ' *Be my troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell ye is very barwd on our seed*' ' *Priibee,* says the Marquis, *don't keep me any longer in suspence; what is it ?*' ' *Don't your Lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over ?*' ' *That's impossible,* says the Marquis, *for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so ?*' ' *Why, and please your Lordship, I saw the other murning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.*

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enamelled nose; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, ' *Now you are sworn, what can you say, with your copper nose ?*' ' *Why, by the oath I have sworn, I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face.*

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chused for his own drinking, answered, *that of other people's.*

A fellow

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valient enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? he said, *'That he had cut off one of the enemy's legs;'* and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: *'Oh!* said he, *you must know his head was cut off before!'*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeered him, *'Sir,* said he, *for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to-bed of a boy two days ago.'* — *'Faith,* replied Berenford, *I never questioned your wife.'*

When Lieutenant O'Brien (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, *'I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.'*

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-back'd, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. — *'Zounds,* (says Jack) *this won't do for me? he is too short in the back.'* *'Oh, Sir* (replies the ostler) *he is the better for that.'* *'Damn him,* he won't do, *I tell you; get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.*

A fellow courting a wench, she sat so long between his legs, that he fell fast asleep; she rose up and put the churn between his legs. He waking, hugg'd it, and said, *'Well, and how are ye now?'* thinking the wench was there.

As a proof of perseverance, the story of the Countess de ———, who was put to the torture on the Grieve at Lyons, for poisoning her *eldest* son, that the younger, for whom she had a greater affection, might inherit the family titles and estates.

Being seated in a chair at the place of execution, whilst her son was put to the rack, to extort a confession from him, she bore the torments of her darling child with such amazing fortitude and composure, that the spectators not only thought her guiltless, but in all probability would have canonized her; had not the son, at last pleaded guilty. Having done this, he was taken from the rack and placed close by his mother, till he should be so far recovered as to be able to relate the particulars of their crime. When, to the astonishment and terror of the surrounding multitude, the Comtesse drew a knife, which she had secreted, and stuck it into the heart of her child; saying at the same time, with an audible voice and unalterable countenance, “*Meurs fils ! indigne d’une telle mère !*” So great was the consternation at this sudden and resolute act, that the executioner had not presence of mind sufficient to prevent her from plunging the same weapon, which was reeking with the blood of her favourite boy, into her own bosom.

* *Die, son ! unworthy of such a mother !*

The following tale of Mr. Quin being enriched, from Mrs. Bellamy, we have copied it — Quin used annually to come to London, to play for Ryan’s benefit. He had performed, the season before, the part of Falstaff for the benefit of his old acquaintance, Mr. Ryan. This testimony of regard had the desired effect; and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His success upon this occasion, induced Ryan to solicit the same favor the next year. The application produced an answer from Quin, which, whilst it is in the true laconic style, is rich in meaning; I shall therefore give it verbatim.

“ I would *play* for you if I could; but will not
“ *whistle* for you. I have willed you a thousand
“ pounds

“ pounds. If you want money, you may have it, and
 “ save my executors trouble.”

Bath, Mar. 1.

“ James Quin.”

Sir John St. Leger, the Judge Jefferies of Ireland, had been remarkable severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. Paul Liddy was the captain of a banditti, who levied contributions in the part where the Knight lived. Among others, he wrote to Sir John, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him, and *ravish* his lady.

Shortly after, by the vigilance of the Knight, the Captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black Dog prison. Lady St. Leger could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man, who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful *Monnica Gall*, a courtesan whom *Liddy* had married, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which, her Ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her, whether she was the villain's — or his wife? — To which the other immediately replied, ‘ *I have the misfortune to be his wife; the honour of bling his — was intended for your Ladyship.*’

The Baron des Adrets, one of the Generals of the Catholics, took, during the wars, a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a window of that castle. One of them advanced twice to the brink of the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron told him, ‘ Come, take your leap without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater torments, if you go back a third time. ’ Sir, answered the soldier, *since you take the thing to be so easy, I'll lay you don't do it in four times.* — Which so pleased the Baron, that, as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier, upon account of this repartee.

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During the time the *Air Balloon* was letting off in the *Artillery Ground*, a Frenchman attending amongst the rest as a spectator, conceiving that *Les Angloises* could not be so adroit at an invention that was claimed by his countrymen, and which had been exhibited with such splendour and applause at Paris; and in order to ascertain the precise time, he pulled out a remarkable fine gold watch, which he held in his hands; this circumstance being observed by one of our nimble-fingered gentry, he artfully, when the Frenchman thought he had returned it into his fob, conveyed it away; the *Balloon* being let off, and Monsieur requiring to know how long it would be visible, applied to his watch, which, to his great surprize, he found gone. ‘*O mon dieu*, says he, turning round, *it is gone!*—‘*gone?*’ roars out a good honest Englishman, why you look the wrong way;—‘*Vay, begar me lost my watch!*’—‘*Lost your watch* (continued the Englishman laughing, *why there it goes up in the Air Balloon!*

There was a poor young woman, who had brought herself even at death’s door with grief for her sick husband; but the good man her father did all he could to comfort her. ‘Come, child (said he) we are all mortal; pluck up a good heart, child; for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better husband in store for thee.’ ‘Alas! Sir (says she) what d’ye talk of another husband for? Why, you had as good have stuck a dagger to my heart. No, no; if ever I think of another husband, may’—Without any more ado, the man dies, and the woman immediately breaks out into such transports of tearing her hair, and beating her breast, that every body thought she d have run stark mad upon’t.—But upon second thoughts, she wipes her eyes, lifts them up, and cries. ‘*Heav’n’s will be done;*’ and then turns to her father. ‘Pray, Sir, said she, *what’s become of t’other husband you were speaking of?*

A certain cynic, seeing some magistrates leading to the place of execution a fellow who had stolen some little vessel, ‘Here are great thieves, cry’d he, *that lead a little one to the gallows.*

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayers, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see *two stars*. 'Oh! said he, that I could see *two stars*, or but one of the two;' and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars or what one star he meant? To whom he replied, '*O that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*'

Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister; the patient turning a little pale, 'Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no danger?*' 'Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, *for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.*'

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a Lottery-Office, where only seeing one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, 'Pray, Sir, said he, *what do you sell here?*' 'Loggerheads,' cried the other. — 'Do you, answered the countryman, *egad then you have a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*'

A country farmer going cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espied a young fellow and a lass very busy near a five bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, 'No harm, Farmer, *we are only going to prop--a--gate.*'

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Batson's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*.' 'Done, said the other, and

and Johnny Wilkes here shall hold stakes.' The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, '*I believe in God,*' and so went cleverly through the Creed. '*Well* (said the other) *I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.*

A country parson having divided his text under two- and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going? '*Home for my night cap,* answered the first, '*for I find we are to stay here all night.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home? '*No,*' replied the clown; '*I can't read.* I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? '*Not I in troth,* cry'd the countryman.' A little boy coming by at the same time, '*Who made you, child?*' said the parson. '*God, Sir,* answered the boy. '*Why look you there* (quoth the honest clergyman) '*are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?*' '*Ah!* said the countryman, '*it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day; it is a great while, measter, since I was made.*'

Sir Watkin Lewes brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, '*That he thirsted to mend his bill.*' Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, '*Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught.*' — This put the house in such a good humour, that his request was granted.

A gentleman lately come from the country, being in the Pit of Drury-lane Theatre, saw a very beautiful modest looking girl, in one of the green boxes, with

another more elderly lady; and so struck was he by the delicacy and sweetness that appeared in her, that, after the play, nothing would serve him but he must go up where she sat, to have the pleasure of being nearer. He went accordingly, got in the very row behind, and soon after took an opportunity of offering her and her companion oranges, which they very politely accepted.—For some time the gentleman was listening with impatience to hear what the charming girl would say; but he could get but little satisfaction, such was her reservedness, till the entertainment began, which happened to be the elopement, where harlequin makes a prodigious leap; this he had no sooner compleated than miss, punching her companion with her elbow, cried ‘*Blood and ouns, Nell! did you twig that? D—n the fellow’s limbs, what a spring he has in his crupper!*’

A young lady being at table where there was a sweetmeat, called white pot, which is a sort of custard pudding, the mistress of the house asked her how she liked it? ‘*Oh ma’am, answered she, I like white puddings of all things; but I think they are best when they are stiff!*’

A humourous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness, on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel who was very apt to brow-beat the witnesses, asked, ‘*what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened?*’ The carpenter answered, ‘*just four feet five inches and an half.*’ ‘*How came you to be so very exact?*’ said the counsellor. ‘*Because I expected some fool would ask me,*’ answered the witness, ‘*and so I measured it.*’

A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, which adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master’s family, and where his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers

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thers of the whip, as follows, ' A shilling for master, —a shilling for myself ;' which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master over-hearing his perplexity, says to him, '*You may as well let me have that sixpence, John ; because I keep the horses, you know.*'

Some young gentlemen drinking at a tavern, happened, amongst other things, to fall on the subject of apparitions, the existence of which one of them absolutely denied ; and, as a proof of his fearlessness as to things of that nature, he undertook, in consequence of a wager, to bring off a scull from a neighbouring bone-house, at the dreadful hour of twelve at night. The Sexton, for a proper acknowledgement, agreed to leave the door open, that nothing might obstruct him. Our adventurer arrived at the gloomy scene, entirely ignorant that one of his companions had got there before him, groped among the bones, picked up a scull, and was marching off ; when a hollow voice called him back, saying, ' That's my scull.' ' Very well,' says our hero, ' then I must have another.' The second, and two or three succeeding ones, were claimed by the voice as belonging to different relations of his. At last, having picked up another, he says, ' I must have one be it whose it may,' and away he ran. When he got back to his company, ' There,' says he, flinging the scull upon the table, ' there's a scull ! but I'll be shot if the owner is not coming for it !'

Two sailors (one Irish the other English) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was ^{shot} off by a cannon-ball ; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied ; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea en-

gagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? '*To the Doctor,*' says Paddy. '*The Doctor!*' says the officer, '*why you blockhead, the man has lost his head.*' On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, '*By my own shoul,*' says he, '*he to'd me it was his leg!*'

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counsellor Dunning, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? 'No, Sir,' said the woman, 'she never did.'—And how can you swear to her infidelity? 'Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her.' Indeed! said the counsellor. 'Yes, indeed, Sir. And pray, my good woman, said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once; 'Did your master (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you?' '*That trial*' (says the spirited woman) '*does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops.*'—Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul, he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches (his custom when highly delighted) and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories to put? 'No, my lord, I have done,' said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury lane Theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. One day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any

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three of them, and gobbled up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, 'Get out of that, you goblin rascal, I see you are a *manager*, by G—d !'

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the General was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, 'Come, Sam, let us have the General's company.'—A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote; 'Sir, (says the general) I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and, among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule.'—'Oh, Sir, (says Foote with great pleasantry) I take all my acquaintances off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off.' 'God so (says the other) pray let us have a specimen.' Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

The wife of a farmer, near Richmond, was taken in labour; the farmer wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence; it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with extacy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and told him her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl:—a *girl!* said the farmer with astonishment) *well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread.* A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! 'What, another child!' (said the farmer, almost frantic with surprise) *d—n it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause.—Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich;

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

A very extraordinary affair happened lately at Dr. Katterfelto's Exhibition-Room, No. 24, Piccadilly:—A Welch gentleman being informed that the Doctor was a very great favourite of his Majesty, and the Royal Family, being the greatest philosopher in the three kingdoms; and that he had exhibited several times before the King, and the whole Royal Family, which raised the above gentleman's curiosity to see that gentleman's exhibition; and what made him more desirous of seeing the Doctor, the same gentleman, with a party of ladies, had been three nights there, but could not obtain any admittance, till some evening last week, the room being so much crowded each night; and as soon as Dr. Katterfelto began to shew some of his dextrous feats, the Welch gentleman swore that the Doctor was the

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the *diawel* ! the *diawel* ! which is in English the devil ! — So one of the gentlemen present asked the Doctor what he had done with his black cat and kittens ? the Doctor, to the great surprize of the whole company, conveyed immediately one of the kittens into the Welch gentleman's waistcoat pocket, at six yards distance, purposely to make that gentleman believe he was the devil ; on finding the kitten in his waistcoat pocket, the above gentleman ran out of the room, and cried in the street, as well as in the exhibition-room, that *the diawel* ! the *diawel* ! was in London ! which caused a very great laughter to all the company ; and that gentleman has not been with his friends in town since.

Bon Mon of the late Counsellor Clive.] It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the Counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles ; which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the henpecked Counsellor ; who, upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for ; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law, ' Sir, says she, I also work for a namesake of your honour's.' ' A namesake of mine ! says the counsellor. ' Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of a woman too, tho' she be one of the player folks.' — ' Oh ! what you wash for Mrs. Clive the actresses, do you ?' — ' Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too.' — ' Is she so, replied the

Counsellor. Stop, John! tols the cloaths back into the closet again. Here, good woman, says the Counsellor, I am sorry you have had this trouble; here is half a crown for you; but you can never wash for me; *for I will be d—d if ever I suffer my shirt to be rubb'd against her shift any more as long as I live!*

A negro in the island of St. Christopher's, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him, how his young master behaved? 'I suppose, says he, he's a chip of the old block.' 'No, no, says the negro, *Massa be all block himself.*'

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following:—Sir Isaac had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, (the nearly finished labour of many years) was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes.—This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, *“Ob! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!”*

A woman being with child, her husband was carving a couple of coney, and beginning with the flaps, his wife called to him, 'Pray husband, give me a flap o' th' coney?' 'What, says he, wife, *before all the company?*'

A bailiff clapt a man on the shoulder, said, I arrest you, Sir, for a horse (meaning for the money he owed for

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for a horse) 'Why, replied the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself? Pray look upon me again; what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse?' Then tripping up his heels, said, 'However, I'll show you a horse's trick; and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and so ran off.'

In a village in France, a poor woman fell into a lethargy. Her husband, and those who were about her, believed she was dead; they covered her over with a piece of linen cloth, as is done to the poor people of that country, and ordered her to be carried to the burying-place. In going to church, he who carried her went near to a thorn hedge, and the prickles of it scratching her, she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years after, she died in good earnest (at least it was thought so) as they carried her to the church-yard, and came near to a hedge, the husband began to cry lustily, 'Keep off the hedge! keep off the hedge!'

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in his passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possessed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation.—In this state they continued some time, till one night, as both laid awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, 'Heavens bless you, my dear;'—'Do you speak that from your heart?' (returned he.) 'Indeed I do, (answered she.) 'Well, then, says he, take away the board!'—

A taylor carrying in a bill to an apothecary, that was his customer, the apothecary was just going to eat a mess of broth for his breakfast, as the taylor came. So the apothecary told him he had no money at present for him, but if he would eat a mess of broth with him he should be welcome; for which the taylor thanked him. So he calls the maid to bring the taylor a mess.

He

—He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting-room, and began to handle his sheers: but he had not been there past an hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his bodkin than his sheers. So he calls up his wife, and as the pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her; and having pleated her very well, as well as himself, with a kiss sent her down about her business, till further orders: in half an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she asked him, how he came to be so?—With that he up and told her, he asked the apothecary for money, but he told me he had no money, but he would give me a mess of pottage, which has wrought these wonderful effects upon me. ‘*Ob, good husband, said she, it may be the Apothecary wants money. I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thine own dear wife, take all thy money out in brosb, for it is of a wonderful operation.*’

A young parson lost his way in the forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay-loft to lye in, and some fire to dry him. The man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lye with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man arose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? ‘*Why, says he, I can but think how sham'd the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a bed with my wife!*’

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day.—The steward ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him that.—That, said the steward, is not near big enough to hold it. ‘*So I told my wife, replied the good man, and I believe we have had a hundred words about it.*’ —

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* *Ay, said the steward, but they were not such as will butter cabbage to eat with this bacon,* and so hung the flitch up again.

A virtuous lady being once in a musing vein, sat with her legs pretty wide; said her husband, *'Sweet-heart, your cabinet stands open.'*— *'Say you so,* said she, *why don't you lock it then? for I am sure none keeps the key but yourself.'*

Plato invited one day to supper Diogenes the Cynic, with some Sicilians his friends, and caused the banquetting room to be adorned, out of respect to those strangers. Diogenes, who was displeased with Plato's neatness, began to trample upon the carpets and other goods; and said brutishly, *'I trample upon the pride of Plato.'* But Plato answered wisely, *'True, Diogenes, but you trample upon it out of greater pride.'*

Artaxerxes being routed in a battle, and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so press'd with hunger, that he was reduced to eat a piece of barley-bread, and some dry figs. But he found such relish in them, that he cried out, *'O Gods, how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of, to this hour?'*

Diogenes being asked, the biting of which beast was most dangerous? answered, *'If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's.'*

The Lord Chancellor sitting on the judgment-seat to hear criminal causes, kept always one of his ears stopt, while the accuser was pleading; and being asked the reason, *'I keep,* said he, *the other ear to hear the party accused.'*

A French woman made a shew of a piece of work very rich, and well wrought; but an English woman shewing four children, whom she had well brought up,
'these,

' these, said she, are the works that a virtuous lady ought to value herself upon.'

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence.—The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laugh'd at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *' I thought, indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain !'*

A Quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and took before a Justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart, and was fined forty shillings. The Quaker without hesitation threw down two guineas; when the Justice told him, he must have two shillings change. *' Ay, says the Quaker, but as thou hast been at so much trouble, thee may'st keep the two shillings to thyself; only thou write it down upon a bit of paper for my satisfaction;'* which the Justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamp'd paper.—The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring Justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked, if it was according to law? *' No; says the justice, it should have been upon stamp'd paper.'*—The Justice was brought before them, and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no small mortification of the Justice, and the great laughter of the company present.

A great man said, that as the swallows appear in summer, and disappear in winter, *so false friends croud about a man in his good fortune, but go from him in his adversity.*

A Spanish lady, young and beautiful, went to confess to a friar of that country. The Father Confessor, after many questions about the heads of her confession, grew desirous to be acquainted with her, and asked what

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what her name was ? The lady, who had no temptation to gratify his curiosity, answered, *Father, my name is no sin.*

Three men playing together, a mad bull ran into the place where they were : So one hid himself under a bed, another went into a hogthead, and the third under an ass's pack-saddle. Now as they told their friends how they escaped, they all laugh'd at him who had hid himself under the pack-saddle : But one of them said, *truly he was in the right on't ; for he had a mind to die with his cloaths on.*

A Spaniard being on board a ship in a storm, the Captain commanded that the most cumbersome and heavy things should be thrown overboard, to ease the vessel. Thereupon the Spaniard took his wife, and would have thrown her into the sea ; and as the Captain asked him the reason of it, he answered, *' I have nothing that's more heavy or cumbersome to me than my wife ; and so I perform your command upon her.'*

The Hungarians, who had conspired against Sigismundus, having entered his palace with design to kill him, the Emperor perceived them, and ran to them with a dagger in his hand : *' Which of you, said he to them, will be so insolent as to offer me violence ? What have I done that deserves death ? If any one designs to strike me, let him come forward, I'll defend myself.'*—This bold and resolute speech frightened the conspirators to that degree, that they ran away at that very instant.

A painter having promised the finest of all his pictures to a lady, who had no skill in them, she came and told him cunningly, that his house was on fire. The Painter cried presently to his 'prentice, *be sure you save such a picture.* By which means she found that this must be the best, and she asked it of him as soon as his trouble was over, and he was satisfied that it was but a false alarm.

One who walked before the Prince of Wales, having push'd a branch of a tree, it flew back, and struck the Prince's eye black and blue, and made it swell. As every one expressed how much they were sensible of his pain, *'I have no pain,* said he, *that more sensibly affects me, than the sorrow and fear of him that hurt me.'*

A man who had married an ugly woman, upon account of her great fortune, having one day surprized her with a spark, he told her, *'Since thou hast one that kisses thee for nothing, what needest thou have got a husband at the expence of thy fortune?'*

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a Physician the cause of it, who answered, *'It proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.'*

A citizen said to a courtier, that he had eased himself of a heavy burden, by paying a sum of money he owed; and that he could not apprehend how a man could sleep that was deep in debt. *'And I* (answered the courtier, who was in debt over head and ears) *do very easily apprehend it; but I cannot imagine how my creditors can sleep, when they can't but know, that I shall never pay them.'*

A young lady being in company with her husband, they began to tell merry stories, and every one had his own. When it came to the lady's turn, she was pleased to relate all the stratagems that a spark had used to get one night into the room of a woman he lov'd, and whose husband was absent; but it fell out unluckily as they were together, and well pleased with one another, that the husband comes and knocks at the door; *so you may imagine,* said she, *what trouble I was in.'* This preposterous reflection cast her husband into another sort of trouble, by giving him to understand what share he had in this adventure; and how his wife had blundered out a truth, which she never designed to let him know.

A lady

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court into another; to whom the client replied, *Let him remove it to the Devil, if he pleases; I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it.*

A Dutch merchant in Amsterdam had sold a thousand pounds worth of gloves to some Jews, who not standing to their bargain when they brought their money, would have but half. The Dutch merchant desired a little time to sort them, and told them they should have half; so he commanded his men to put all the right-handed gloves in one parcel, and the left in another.—Then when the Jews came, he bid them take their choice; which being done, and the money paid, they began to pack up; but perceiving at last they were all for one hand, they were forced to take the rest at the merchant's rates.

A father chid his son for rising late, and gave him an instance of a certain man, who being up betimes found a purse full of gold. Answered the son, *'he that lost it was up before him.'*

Two young men demanded a young woman in marriage, of her father, one of which was rich, the other poor. The father having given her to the last, some of his friends asked him why he did not bestow her on the rich man? 'Because, says he, the rich man has no wit, and so may grow poor; but the other, *who is a wise and sensible man, may easily grow rich.*'

A man that had but one eye met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, 'Friend, *you are loaded betimes.*' 'Tis early indeed, replied the other, *for you have but one of your windows open.*'

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying, 'Miller, now tell us, *which art thou, more knave or fool?*' 'Truly, says he,

I don't know which I am most, but I guess I am between both.

A Captain that had a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon bullet; his soldiers crying out, '*A surgeon! a surgeon! for the Captain.*'—
'*No, no, (said he) a carpenter will serve my turn.*'

Pogius, the Florentine, tells a merry story, condemning the folly of such, especially mean persons, as spend their time and estates in hunting and hawking. — Mr. A — —, Physician of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were more or less affected — One of them, that was pretty well recovered, stood by chance before the door; and seeing a gentleman ride by, with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all this preparation served? He made answer, to kill certain fowl; the patient demanded again, What his fowl might be worth which he killed in a year? He replied, nine or ten crowns: and when he urged him further, what his dogs, horses, and hawks stood him in? he told him four hundred crowns. With that the patient bid him be gone as he lov'd his life, and welfare; for, said he, if our master come and find thee here, he will certainly put thee into his pit amongst mad men, up to the very chin.

Sixtus V. being made Pope from a Grey Friar, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but still kept the character of a facetious man, and loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Friar he had borrowed money of the Superior, or head, of the monastery of — — —, and had not repaid it to him. He therefore enquired about him, and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come, and give him an account of his conduct. The good father, who was conscious of no guilt, went to Rome with

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with that tranquillity of mind which results from a good conscience. When he was come before the Pope, 'We are informed, says the holy father to him, that you have embezzled the revenues of your monastery, and therefore have sent for you to have an account of the matter.' 'Holy father, answered the monk, I think myself altogether innocent as to that.' 'Consider well', said the Pope, whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to any body, particularly to a certain Grey Friar, who came to you in such a year. The good man having thought upon it a while : 'Tis true, said he, *holy father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time.*'—'Well, said the Pope, I am that very Friar you speak of; I am willing to return that money according to promise, and advise you at the same time never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again.'—The good man, being very much surprized to find his Friar in the Person of the Pope, wanted to beg his pardon for calling him knave. 'Never trouble yourself about it, said the holy father, *that might be true enough at that time; but God has furnished me with means to retrieve my past offences.*' Thus he dismissed the good monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and given him great demonstrations of favor.

A country Justice invited one day to dinner Edwin, with many other Persons; and having a mind to shew his wit, took these aside, and told them. 'Gentlemen, if you'll be rul'd by me, we shall make ourselves merry to-day with Edwin, who, you know, sets up for a jester, and drolls upon every body. My clerk being sick a-bed, so that I have no body to wait on us, I will propose to draw cuts, to see which of us shall go to the cellar to draw the wine, and wait on the rest whilst they were at dinner; and I will contrive it so, that it shall fall to Edwin's lot. Which being thus concluded amongst them, was put in execution accordingly. Edwin smacked the plot, and was resolved to make his host repent it. Down he goes to the cellar to fill the bottles,

bles, whilst the others fell to; and being come up again with the bottles, 'You see, gentlemen, said he, *how I have performed what I had to do; let's now draw cuts to see which of us shall go down into the cellar and stop the hogheads I have left running.*' Now the landlord talked no more of casting lots, and knowing Edwin to be as good as his word, leaves presently his dinner, and runs to the cellar, where he finds his vessels running, and part of his wine spilt; which as he afterwards expostulated with Edwin, 'You have no reason to complain of me, answered he, *since I have punctually complied with the conditions of the play; which indeed obliged me to draw the wine, and fill the bottles, but not to stop the vessels of a host who entertains his guests so scurvily.*'

An offender being asked, 'whether he had committed all the crimes that were laid to his charge?' Answered, 'I have done yet worse! Being ask'd what? *I suffered myself to be apprehended,*' replied he.

Henry IV going into Madam Gabrielle's chamber, the Duke de Bellegarde, who was in love with her, hid himself under her bed. In the mean time a collation was served up, and the King, who had observed the place where that Lord lay hid, threw some sweetmeats that way, saying, 'Every body must live.'

The French players being at law with the Italians, whom they pretended to hinder from acting in French, the King was willing to take cognizance of their difference: whereupon a man was deputed by each company, viz. Baron by the French, and Arlequin by the Italians. When they came before the King, Baron spoke first, and, according to his grave character, made a very serious speech. Then came Arlequin's turn, who, after some apish tricks, 'Sir, said he, *how will your Majesty have me speak?*' giving the King, (in appearance) the choice either of the Italian or the French. 'Speak as thou thinkest best,' said the King. 'I desire no more,' (replied Arlequin, returning his Majesty thanks) 'I have got the day.' The King laughing at the

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the surprize he had been led into, *'The word has got out of my mouth, said he, I will not recall it'* And so the Italian players continued speaking French.

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Samson. *'Ah! (said one) we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff: for tho' a thousand of such Philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to brain them all!'* *'Sir, replied Samson, I will boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of your jawbones.'*

A lady once was asking General Washington, whom he thought to be the ablest General of the Age?—*'Madam, answered he, General Putnam is the second.—'* An ingenious way of letting the lady know, he thought himself the first.

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public house, whither he went to refresh himself. As he came in, he spied four fellows, whose looks foreboded him no good; however, he put a good face upon the matter, sat down, and called for something to eat and drink. The fellows, who were lying down, and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to awake. *'I dreamed, said one of these rustians, coming near the Emperor, that I was taking off your hat;'* and so he took it. *'For my part, says another, I dreamed that your great coat would fit me exactly;'* and, without any more ado, he fairly stript him of it. The third paid him the same compliment, and stript him of his buff coat. The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whistle was hanging. *'Hold a little (says the Emperor, putting back his hand) before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it; you must do so.'* Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they

they heard the whistle, came in, and were very much surprized to find him in that condition. 'Why (says the Emperor to them, *here's a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased; for my part, I have a mind to dream too.*' Then having paused a while, 'Well, added he, *I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers were a pack of rogues, and deserve to be hang'd; and I will have my dream out this very minute.*' This command was no sooner given but executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hang'd before the door of that nest of thieves. The old saying was verified in the case of the e rogues, *That dreams go by contraries.*'

The following anecdote is an of the vanity and droll circumstance of Mrs. Bellamy. — A nobleman, who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his Lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honor, he of course, during dinner-time, sat at her right hand. But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. — But having, at length, recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in lieiand, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend. He could not avoid smiling whilst she made her complaint; and, as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information; as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and her joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

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Law Anecdote.) During the Summer assizes, a judge, before whom a cause was tried at a country assize, and when the Counsel rose up to open his brief, one of the jury prevented his going on, by asking leave of his lordship to step out of court, just to make water; upon which, said the judge, (very gravely unsaddling his nose) "I'll tell thee what, man—I remember a case in the old year books similar to this, where a jurymen was under the like distress, and he applied to the judge of assize for the like purpose. The judge of assize, after consulting with the gentlemen of the bar, was of opinion; that the man might go out of court, for a minute or two, attended by a proper officer. (*Here the Jurymen betrayed symptoms of uneasiness*) I remember too, continued his lordship, another case of the like nature, where a jurymen was under the like situation; and he likewise applied to the judge of Nisi Prius, for leave to go out. The judge of Nisi Prius, upon recollecting the former precedent, was of opinion, the man might go out of court for a minute or two, attended by a proper officer. (*Here the Jurymen made terrible awry faces.*) Afterwards, continued the judge, when my Lord Coke was Chief Justice (I find it recorded in the long quinto of Edward IV) and the whole four judges were sitting—friend—dost thou hear what I say?—Call silence, cryer,—what impudent fellow is that yonder without a wig—sirrah—who are you?—turn him out—I won't, while I have the honor of sitting here, see the court made a bear-garden. I say, when all the four judges were sitting, there was a jurymen in the same distress, and he applied for leave to go out, when the whole court, after solemn argument at the bar, and mature deliberation upon the bench, unanimously and seriatim delivered it as their firm opinion, that the man might go out of court, for a minute or two, attended by a proper officer. Open the bar there; but remember you are not to—Here the jurymen could hold no longer. 'My lord (said he) I won't give your lordship the trouble to cite any more authorities, for I have—my breeches already.'

Mr. Blizard the surgeon being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the Governors of the London, to succeed him in that Hospital. Blizard recovering, and meeting some time after, with one of these Surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than what is customary, where an Hospital Physician or Surgeon was supposed to be in danger.—
'Sir, said Blizard, if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.'

Some footmen belonging to a person of quality were once making complaints to him, that his lordship's steward never allowed them any thing but cheese and radishes for their supper. His lordship sent for the steward to him, *'What ! (says my lord, in a passion) is it true what these men say, that you give them every night cheese and radishes for their supper ?'* *'Yes, my lord,* answered the poor man quaking for fear. *'Well then,* replied their lord, *'I command you henceforward to give them cheese one night, and radishes the next.'*

A man of the greatest quality happening one day to be at an entertainment with an Archbishop, who, from a very mean extraction had advanced himself, by his eminent parts, to that dignity, was highly offended at the freedom which the prelate took upon himself to confute his arguments. *'You had best,* (said the man of quality with an angry countenance) *'to remember your original.'* *'I do remember it very well,* answered the Archbishop calmly, *and am fully assured that had you been son to my father, you had, to this time, been a swineherd.'*

Three boys, named Tom, Dick, and Harry, lived together in the same house in London. The last-named being to pass some time in the country. *'When Harry goes off,* said Tom, *'we shall get rid of a fool.'*—*'Indeed we shall,* said Dick, *'a very great fool.'*—To which Harry replied, *'I shall be a greater gainer than you*

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In Southwark there is a small madhouse dependent on Guy's Hospital. In the first years of that hospital, a madman, having made his escape from one of the windows, crawled along over several houses. But coming at length to some bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through. ' Good God !' said a woman that was sitting in the room, *who's there ?*—' Hold your tongue,' said the madman, *I am only come to make you a sky-light.*

An over-bearing counsellor, endeavouring to brow-beat a witness, told him he could plainly see *rogue* in his face. ' *I never knew till now,* said the witness, *that my face was a looking-glass.*

An alehouse-girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asking her her name, ' Lord, Sir, said she, *how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry ten times in an evening, Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot ?*'—

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being over fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, ' *Prithce Tom, never mind her, let her be d— with her cough, I hope it will carry her to Hell in a fortnight*.' The lady who was in an adjoining room, over-hearing this *affectionate speech*, immediately rushed into the parlour where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, ' *that she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.*'

An Irish gentleman, whose name is *Shaw*, remarkable for his vivacity both as an artist and a companion, happened to drink at a house near Hanover-square, till

*reason nodded on her throne, and he was left musing in a box by himself ; at length a French Valet and an English Footman came in, to solace themselves with a sober tankard of porter, and sat down, in the same box, with the above-mentioned gentleman ; when, entering into conversation, the footman observed his good fortune in falling into so excellent a place, especially where he met with so good-humoured a fellow-servant as the cook, who had just tossed him up a nice *kick shaw* for dinner. Poor Mr. Shaw, whose ears were quicker to hear, than his reason to discern what was said, started up in a violent rage, broke a fine stick, which he had in his hand, of five guineas value, and advancing to the teeth of the affrighted Frenchman, and astonished footman, with the remains of the cane in his hand, exclaimed ‘ *Now, rascals, damme ! let me see if you dare to kick Shaw now : I’ll teach you, scoundrels, to talk of kicking me !* ’ It was with the greatest difficulty that the old Grecian was prevented from executing his threats upon the surprized and supposed culprits. However, after many pardons asked, he was pacified, and permitted himself to be led home.*

The late Counsellor Harwood, of Dublin, who was remarkable for his humour and bon mots, seeing once an officer of the light infantry with a *large plume of feathers upon his cap*. ‘ If he had but a cork in his tail,’ said the Counsellor, *one might make a shuttlecock of him.*’—

A London rider returning home from a long journey, very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties which his wife thought it natural and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, ‘ *Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs, when you know you have left off riding ?* ’

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Says a gentleman to a lady, who was complaining forely, that her thirtieth year was approaching, ' Let it come, madam, let it come ; I'll engage it will soon be at a distance again, you will get farther and farther from it every day.

A country curate had a dog he was extremely fond of ; the poor cur sickened, and died ; and his master, in honour to his memory, gave him christian burial. This came to the bishop's ear, who presently sent for the curate, rattled him to some tune, with menaces of the highest degree, for bringing such a scandal upon the function. ' My lord (says the curate) if your lordship had but known the understanding of this dog, both living and dying, and especially how charitable an end he made, you would not have grudged him a place in the church yard among his fellow parishioners.' ' How so, (says the Bishop.) ' Why, my lord (says the curate) when he found he was going to his long-home, he sent for a notary, and made his will. There's my poor Lord Bishop in want, says he, and it is my will to leave him a hundred crowns for a legacy.' He charged me to see it performed, and I have it here in a purse ready counted for your lordship. The Bishop, upon the receipt of the money, and after second thoughts, gave the priest absolution, and found it a very good will, and a very canonical burial.

A young widow, rich and beautiful, was courted by a young man, both poor and proud, who had a mind to be thought very intimate with the lady, and boasted of more favours than he received. The lady, who lov'd to be merry, resolved to punish him for it, after a new manner. ' I know, (said she to him) you have an affection for me, and doubt not you will give me proofs of it upon an occasion that now offers.' The young man assured her, he was ready to do any thing to serve her. ' You know, added the widow, such a lady of my acquaintance has a cross and jealous man to her husband, that will never give her leave to lie abroad ; now it is necessary,

necessary, for some private reasons, that she should lie with me to night; and what I desire of you is, to lie in her place, that her husband, who will come home late, finding you in his bed, may take you to be his wife; and as he rises earlier than she, to go about his business, he will take no notice of any thing; for tho' he be jealous of his wife, he seldom disturbs her rest at night.'

The young man consented to every thing, and suffered himself to be carried to his mistress's friend. They dressed his head in women's night-cloaths, and afterwards he went to the jealous husband's bed, who the young lady knew would not be at home that night.—The two ladies left the young man alone in bed, and a little while after, the young widow came in, in her night-gown, and without a light, and went to bed to him. The young man, who took her for the jealous husband, was in great pain and trouble, lay very snug, and turning his back to the young widow, put himself as near the other side of the bed as possible; thus he spent a whole night more restless and uneasy than any in his life, being still apprehensive of some preposterous caresses from the jealous husband. But his concern increased, when at break of day the young widow rung a bell, at the sound of which he heard somebody coming into the room; he covered his head with the bed-cloaths, and such was his fear of being known, that he wished he could have buried himself in the bed. Now it was the widow's friend that came in, and opened the curtains, and at that very instant the widow rose from bed, adorned with all her native beauties, which made the young man almost die with regret, spite, and shame, for making such ill use of so favourable an opportunity.

A merry fellow got into a pulpit, before the parson came, and said, 'Brethren, in this land of Christendom there are neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough. One answered him, and said, 'that of all these there were rather too great a plenty than a scarcity.' He replied, '*That if there were scholars*
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enough, so many ignorant dunces would not be benefited. If gentlemen enough, so many plebeians would not be ranked amongst the gentry. And if Jews enough, so many Christians would not profess usury.

A soldier came in a great fright to Washington, and told him, *'the enemy are very near us ;' 'then we are very near them too,'* said Washington. There was another that came to tell him, *that the enemy were so numerous, that one could hardly see the sun for the quantity of their bayonets.'* To whom he answered very wittily, *'Will it not be a great pleasure to fight in the shade ?'*

A rhetorician at the East end of the town, offered in a sedition to exhort the people of the city to concord ; and because he was extraordinary fat, the people fell a laughing as soon as they saw him. But the cunning orator, making their laughter the occasion of his speech, *'You laugh,* said he, *at my bigness ; I have a wife yet bigger than myself : nevertheless, when we agree, one bed is enough for us both : but when we are at odds, the whole house is too little to hold us.*

A very pleasant adventure befel Mr. M——, in his way to Versailles. As he passed by the church gate at Chârou, seeing they were going to begin *vespers*, he alighted out of his coach, and went into the church ; but because there was a cope-bearer wanting (by reason the school-master, who used to bear the cope, was fallen sick an hour before) M——'s coachman offered to supply his place ; so he left his coach before the church, and *vespers* begun. As they were singing on, a fancy took the horses to be gone ; they told the coachman of it, who, without minding the cope he had on, ran after them to stop them. They were gone a good way, but however he reach'd them at last, and got into his seat (still with his cope on) in order to drive back to the church gate. As he came back, my lord Cardinal — was going somewhere : he had a coachman, it seems, very simple, who having always heard the Pope called

Holy Father, did fancy his men must needs wear such habits as are used in church ceremonies. This coachman, seeing the other coming with a cope on, stopt presently, and alighting from his seat, fell on his knees. The Cardinal putting his head out of the coach, asked him what he did in that posture? ' *My lord* (answered he) *I see the Pope's Coachman a coming, and I kneel down to receive his benediction.*' A moment after, the coped coachman, who made haste to come to end vespers, went by, and all the company laughed at the adventure.

Two friends, who had not seen one another a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He said he was not very well, and was married since he saw him. That is good news, indeed, says he. Nay, not so much good news neither, replies the other, for I have married a shrew: that is bad, said the other. Not so bad neither, said he, for I had two thousand pounds with her: that's well again, said the other. Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they died of the rot. That was hard, indeed, says his friend. Not so hard neither, says he, for I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost; that made you amends, says the other. Not so much amends neither, said he, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burn'd. That was a great loss indeed. Nay, not so great a loss neither; for my wife was burned in it.

Some persons speaking of Mr. Lunardi's Balloon, said, they had seen it out of sight. ' *Oh!* exclaimed another, *I saw it when it was not to be seen.*'

A poor hen-pecked and half-starved taylor dying, made the best of his way to the mansion of happiness, and knocking at the gate, was asked by the Porter, who was there? and being answered, a poor taylor, it was enquired, if he had been in *purgatory*? He answered, ' *No; but I have been married;*' ' *O,* said the porter, *that's all the same, come in.*'

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A true original Receipt for composing a modern Love-Letter adapted to the use of all the pretty fellows within the Cities of London and Westminster.

Take five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery:— Mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words *angel, goddess, charmer, honey*, and the like.— When it is sweetened to your taste, take a much of it at a time as you think proper; fold it up in gilt paper; seal it with the impression of a flaming-heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

Probatum est sæpissime.

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young 'squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's, and chatted with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to supper that evening, begged the favor of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants; and as it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer thinking it an honor to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come. But, after he was gone, the old man's mind misgave him that it might be some trick; for the 'squire was well known to be the greatest rake in the county.— He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the 'squire's servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer's *jays*, and to take a little nag and side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said, the farmer's *ass*, and accordingly came with that message.

—The farmer, who guessed at the mistake, was highly pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement, without affronting the 'squire.—But the difficulty was, how they should make the *afs* sit on the side-saddle? For as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughing; and the farmer, willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

When John came home, it was dark; and his master was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the 'squire was upon some fun, went in and told him softly, '*she's come.*' 'Well, said the 'squire, (speaking low) *take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire.*'—John did as he was ordered, and then going to his master again, ask'd him what he was to do next; the 'squire bid him tell the cook, '*to dress a fowl for her supper; and do you hear, said he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine.*'—John could hardly help laughing in his master's face; but he ran down to the cook, '*Lord, what do you think, Betty? the afs must not only ride on a side saddle, and be seated by the fire in the parlour, but she must have a chicken for her supper, and a bottle of wine!*' Upon hearing this, Betty joined in a laugh with him, till their sides crack'd; but having more wit than he, she proposed to eat the fowl, and drink the wine themselves, and to tell the 'squire *she'd supped.* This was no sooner agreed to than done; and John, going to his master again, told him, '*She has supped, sir.*' 'Very well, said the 'squire, *tell Betty to put a pair of clean sheets on the best bed, and wait upon her to bed.*' John, on hearing this, gave a broad grin, and his master with a smile, bid him go and do as he ordered him.—Betty now smelt a rat, and they pleased themselves to think how their master would be disappointed. But they were ready to die with laughing in making the afs lie in bed, and was obliged at last to lay her on her back, and tied her legs, with four halter; to the bed-posts. This being done, John went in once more to tell his master, '*she was in bed.*' The 'squire

'squire now began to yawn, and appear sleepy, which made the company take their leave.

He then went up to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle; he felt about the bed, and making many fine speeches to the ass, wondered he received no answer; thinking the lady was asleep, he stooped down in order to salute her, and hitting his head against the ass's nose, frightened the creature so, that with struggling she broke the halters, and jumping off the bed, ran about the room. The 'squire, terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for shelter, for he could not find the door, but every now and then run plump against the ass, who brayed—*a—ha!—a—ha! a—ha!* The 'squire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, *' Betty, John, Betty, John, O, the devil! the Devil!*

The servants, who had been without side the door all the while, and had no little diversion when they found he was almost terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, desiring to know what was the matter with his honour! The 'squire no sooner saw what was the cause of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John. *' Did I not tell you, rascal, said he, to fetch the farmer's lass.'* John scratched his head, and begging his honour's pardon, saying, *he thought he had said his ass; and indeed, Sir, added he, you would forgive me if you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beast do as you ordered.'*

The following incident is a fact, and frequently told by the gentleman himself, with great good humour.—A gentleman, who is a constant visitor at Margate, of the name of Veysey, was remarkably fond of fine prospects, and knew every situation for that purpose in the island of Thanet. In his excursions there he used to mount his servant's horse, and ride from the carriage:—and one day being at some distance, a gentleman rode up, and enquired if he was not the gentleman fond of prospects? *' Yes,'* answered Veysey. *' Why then, says the gentleman, at the bottom of this lane is*

a very fine one indeed ;' ' really, says he, why I never knew it before ; pray let us ride and see it.' On which they rode together ; and when they came to the bottom, Old Veysey enquired for the prospect ? ' Here it is, said the gentleman (clapping a pistol to his breast) ' Your money, Sir !—don't you think this a fine prospect ?' ' Yes, says Veysey, but a dear one.' However, he was obliged to deliver fifty guineas, and a fine gold watch. In consequence of this adventure, he is since known by the name of *Prospect Veysey*.

Mr Arnold, the celebrated Aériel puffer, having promised to go up in a balloon, by night, and on which account it was to be illuminated with lamps : a person observed it was quite proper people that were going heaven-ward, should be enlightened.

There is now living in one of the old houses at Endfield, an old woman, who is known all over the place by the nick name of Spanky Diddle. This woman, when she was about sixteen years old, was at the house of a merry relation, who amongst other jokes, protested he had seen her steal that very day a boiled fowl, which so exasperated her, that she made a solemn oath, never more to eat a bit of fresh meat. This oath she has very punctually observed, by living constantly on no other diet than salt pork, ship beef, &c by which means she is become so very parched and withered, that she has scarce an ounce of flesh upon her bones.

One took up a poker, and said to another, ' you are as dead a man as ever breathed.'

Anecdote of Quin and King Derrick.] During the reign of King Derrick, like many other monarchs, his civil list was often in arrears, and he was obliged to have recourse to a vote of credit to raise the necessary supplies. One day being precisely in this predicament, and greatly importuned by his taylor, to pay a bill of long standing, he applied to his old acquaintance
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James Quin. The ex-comedian received him with great politeness (considering the natural rusticity of his manners,) and having learnt Derrick's errand, told him, 'he was greatly mortified not to have it in his power to accommodate so *great* a man, as he had that very morning paid away all his cash; but that he expected a bill from London, towards the end of the week, when he might rest assured, he should command any sum he wanted.' After this declaration, he waited on the king to the bottom of the stairs; but before the servant had shut the street door, the distressed prince heard Quin vociferate, '*John—that fellow comes to borrow money—whenever he calls again, you may be sure I am not at home.*'

Mr. Macklin, the comedian, going the other day to one of the Fire-Offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered? 'Entered,' (replied the veteran of the sock) *why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament; but in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esquire, as they are now synonymous terms.*

In the reign of James II. the court was busy in making converts to the Roman Catholic Faith, and some of the new papists pretended on this occasion to have seen visions; and amongst the rest *Joe Haines*, the comedian, who professed himself a convert, declared that the *Virgin Mary* had appeared to him. Lord Sunderland being informed of this, sent for him, asked him about the truth of his conversion, and whether he had really seen the Virgin? 'Yes, my lord, I assure you, 'tis a fact!'—'How was it, pray?'—'Why, as I was lying in my bed, the virgin appeared to me, and said, 'Arise *Joe*!' 'You lie, you rogue,' replied the Earl, 'for had it really been the Virgin herself, she should have said, Arise, *Joseph*! at least, if it had been only out of respect to her husband!'

During

During the late contested election at Colchester, the returning officer, who is a miller, received many heavy tokens of the mob's displeasure, on account of some decision which they deemed illegal. Not a little agitated on the occasion, he turned round to Mr. Rigby, and said, 'He hoped to God he was safe in what he had done?' 'O yes,' rejoins Mr. R—, *as safe as a thief in a mill.*

A celebrated physician was sent for to a lady who imagined herself very ill; when he came, she complained dismally that she eat too much, slept too sound, and had a very alarming flow of spirits. 'Make yourself perfectly easy, madam,' said the doctor, *'only follow my prescriptions, and you shall soon have no reason to complain of any such things.'*

A dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was true that Harley was Lord High Treasurer? 'It is,' says his friend. 'That is very amazing,' said the dancing master; 'what merit can the Queen find in that man? *I had him two years for a pupil, and I declare I could never make any thing of him.*'

A person reading a paragraph in the papers, that a large piece of land had been washed away by an inundation in Poland, but that the account wanted confirmation; a gentleman observed, even admitting it was true, one might safely say, there was *no ground* for the report.

Mr. Fox having applied to a shopkeeper in Westminster for his vote and interest, the man produced a *halter*, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. Mr. Fox replied, 'I return you thanks, my friend, for your intended present; but I should be sorry to deprive you of it, as I presume it must be a *family-piece*.'

A bundle of females standing behind Lady W—'s chair in the room at Bath, while she was playing at cards

cards, but not knowing her, took great liberties with her character. When the deal was up, her partner asked her whether she had any honours? ' Really (said her ladyship) I don't know whether *these ladies here* have left me any or not.'

A woman, while a certain candidate was on his canvas for Westminster, observed to him, that when he stole the King's *seals*, she supposed he would have stolen the *watch* if he could.—The candidate gravely answered, ' Had there been a *watch*, the *seals* would never have been stolen.'

A punni-musical Epistle to Mr. Daniel Purcel; or, a Letter in his own way.

Honest Dan.

' I have *beaten time* so often at the *overture* of your *resting place*, without *playing* upon you at *sight*, that I perceive the *tenor* of your life to be chiefly in *taverns*, where you will never leave drinking a *treble* quantity, till your hand *quavers*. If this be any *slur* to your reputation, and you think me a *Jew* to *harp* upon a *harsh string*. I shall use no *flourish* or *rondeau* of words, but tell you plainly, that it *frets* me to the *guts*, that you are so hard to be found when a man is *solo* in an evening. I know sometimes you take some *fuges* into the country *air*, and I wish it prove no more than an *Operæ Pretium* to you; if it does, I must needs say you manage your *purseill*. I design to watch your *ritornello's* to town, and will strive to bring you more to my *bow*; and knowing we shall agree to an *hair*, I desire we may wet our *whistles* together, and make some *recitativo's* of the past *crotchets* of our long acquaintance. *Time* was we could both of us have *played upon the virginals*; and particularly you have been a man of *note* for your many *compositions* upon them. I know you to be in *alt* as to your religion; and should you continue to be above *ela* in your politicks, I shall never suffer myself, I af-

I assure ye, to be *out of tune* with my friend on such *fiddle faddle* accounts.

'If the *sharpest* of the critics should censure this letter as *flat*, they are entirely out of the *key*, and have not their *fantasia's* screwed up to the present *pitch* of,

Dear Dan,

Yours from the merry *violin* to
the *German Flute* & the *Recorder*,
Signior Allegro.

Pope Leo the Tenth, being told by his Confessor, he need fear nothing, considering he had the keys of heaven, and of the treasury of the church, consisting of the merits of Christ and of the saints, answered, he who hath sold a thing, hath no longer any right or interest in it; and since I have so often sold heaven and all to others, I can have nothing to do there.

The same Pontiff being upbraided by certain Cardinals for his lewd life, as being exceedingly altered for the worse since his arriving at the summit of ecclesiastical dignity, told them roundly, they were to blame who had made him what he was. Then they asked him what he meant? 'He must (said his Holiness) be made of other materials than I am, who can retain the humility of a priest, while surrounded with the flattery of princes, or the purity of an anchorite, where every thing administers to his passions. No: trust me, holy fathers, it is impossible to be at once both a pope and an honest man!

The celebrated Dr. Busby, of Westminster school, flogging a boy for having done some naughty trick, the boy judging he had suffered enough, brayed out, in great desperation, that he was the son of Mr. Coupland. 'I know it, said the disciplinarian, with great coolness, and because thou art the son of my good friend Mr. Coupland, thou shalt have two lashes more.'

Two upstarts, who in the time of the Rump Parliament, were made commissioners for examining the malignan church of England ministers, had one brought before them of a very black visage, who having been surprized and hurried before these scandalous magistrates in all that forlornness of dress and figure which he assumed the better to lie concealed, the first question that one of the Rumpers asked him, was, '*Friend, are you a tinker?*' '*Yes, I am,* replied the poor devoted parson, *and bearing you have a brazen face, if you please to admit of my assistance, I will endeavour to mend it for you.*' One of these judges, who was a wretch as crooked in mind as in body, intensed at this repartee, and ready to burst with fury and froth, '*How dare you,* says he, *answer thus rudely to a magistrate? you have a mind to shew your impertinence; but you shall be well rewarded with a habitation in the lofty pile of Newgate*'—'*I thank God,* replied the parson smartly, '*I can walk upright there, which is more than you can do when you come hither.*' The other, who seemed a good natured rascal enough, laughed aloud on hearing his partner thus roasted and fretted: '*Come, brother,* said he, *never let us make a man sorrow, who has made us merry; this man has too much wit to have any very criminal stock of malice;*' so cooled the rage of his brother Æsop, and, instead of sending the man of God to Newgate, detained him to dinner, and afterwards enjoyed the pleasure and improvement of his company and conversation.

A certain limner, who had drawn St. Peter and St. Paul so lively, that all who beheld them admired the performance as done in a masterly style, was asked by a popish cardinal, why he painted them so high coloured? The artist contended, this was rather a beauty than a blemish. '*They blush* (said he) *for the life you lead in comparison to that which they lived when on earth.*'

Last Haymarket season, as Williamson, who had acted the Duke of York, in Lord Russell, was bowing low to the audience, after giving out the play for the next

next night, a man in the gallery with indignation cried out, ' Aye, you are a hard-hearted villain, and be d——d to you.' Something similar to this was the memorable attack on the Countess of Nottingham (Mrs. Porter) in the tragedy of the Earl of Essex.— ' You lie, you b——h, you know you have got the ring in your pocket.'

One day, during the last term, as a certain Solicitor, of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's-Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, '*Glowes to sell, Sir! old glowes!*' The lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their *damask* repository, and replied, '*No, damn your blood, Sir, they are all new suits!*'

A short time prior to Mr. Lunardi's ascension into the atmosphere, a countryman asked a quaker, whether the report of our elevated hero's intention to take such a flight was founded in truth, or whether the inflammable matter possessed the power that had been imputed to it? ' Why, truly, friend, (replied the quaker) I cannot justly inform thee, but it is a maxim with me, never to credit *inflammatory rumours, and flying reports!*'

Cartouche, the famous French robber, being told that a young man wished to become a member of his band, took him under examination, and asking him, ' where he had served?' the other replied, ' Two years with an attorney, and six months under an Inspector of the Police at Paris.' Then (says Cartouche with transport) I shall consider it the same thing as if you had rode all that time in my troop; and the young man took rank accordingly.

Bon mot of an Hibernian } At a masquerade last winter, in one of those moments of *extreme hilarity*, which, on such occasions, are the usual forerunners of an *extreme*

extreme

treme intoxication, an Irish officer meeting a certain lady upon the steps of the Pantheon, rudely thrust his hand under her handkerchief.

Who would not be affronted at an outrage like this ! and so *public* an outrage too !—Totally inconsistent with decorum, it seemed to set at defiance every principle even of *common decency* ; and the lady, in the height of her rage, declared, with all the dignity of an injured Vestal, ‘ that she had never in her life *been served so before* ! ’ ‘ I firmly believe it, madam,’ replied the reeling Hibernian, ‘ but it was a frolick of youth—then pray have pity ; for, alas ! if your *heart* be not more soft than your *bosom*, I am an *undone* man ? ’

Soon after the accession of George the First, it is well known the Whigs divided among themselves, and split into two parties in violent opposition to each other.—Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side ; Townshend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the Chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time, that the former were victorious ; and the discarded party in resentment, paid their court at Leicester-house. Walpole had thought of a particular measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party. It was approved of, and some of them thought that the Prince should be let into it ; but Walpole would by no means agree to this, and, in his usual course way, said, that the Prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat a——d bitch would divulge the secret. By some means or other the Princess was informed of this ; and it is to be supposed that the impression which so gross an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not easily to be erased. After the necessary business upon the new accession had been finished, the affair of the Queen’s settlement, in case she should outlive the King, came on the carpet. Her majesty expected that it should be at the rate of 100000 l. a year ; but Sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60000 l. an ample provision, and as much as could

could be proposed with any prospect of success. While this party subsisted, Sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the Queen privately by one of his confidants, that if he were minister, he would undertake to secure to her the settlement she demanded; upon which the Queen sent him back this remarkable answer:—
'Go, tell Sir Robert, that the fat arse b—h has forgiven him.' He was accordingly, soon after, by the well-known ascendancy which the Queen had over the King, declared first minister; and Sir Spencer Compton removed to the Upper House, with the title of Earl of Wilmington.

A clown (says Lord Shaftsbury) once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of Doctors at an University. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. 'For that matter,' (replied the clown) 'I a'n't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion.'

When about thirty years since George Alexander Stevens was a first actor in the Norwich company, he performed the part of Horatio in the Fair Penitent.—The Calista was a Mrs. B——, who had been long the celebrated heroine in tragedies, and the fine lady in high life in comedies. Mrs. B. in her decline, sacrificed too often to the intoxicating god. In proportion as the action of the play advanced towards a conclusion, by endeavouring to raise her spirits with a cheerful glass, she became totally unfit to represent the character. In her last scene of Calista, it was so long before she died, that George, after giving her several gentle hints, cried out, '*Why don't you die, you b—h?*' She retorted, as loud as she could, '*You robbed the Bristol mail, you dog!*' This spirited dialogue so diverted the audience, that much and loud clapping ensued. The manager seeing no end of this merry business, dropt the curtain, and put an end to the tumult.

A rigid

A rigid old gentleman, that declaimed with great warmth against masquerades, was, notwithstanding seduced thither by his son, who had described the pleasures of it so well, and withal so innocent, that he prevailed on him to go, as he had assured him, he would never tell any person of it, and that he would procure him a habit which should sufficiently answer the intention of secrecy, and render it impossible to be discovered: But the son, unperceived by his father, pinn'd a paper on his back, on which he had wrote, '*Here is the old grave Justice come ;*' which every body read aloud as he passed them. How is this, says the father, did not you undertake it should be a secret, and yet every one knows me ; I won't stay a moment longer ;' and went out in a hurry. The son went out with him, and by his arguments, and changing his dress, influenced him to return ; where he no sooner entered, than the maskers surrounded him, reading what was fixed on his back in large characters, '*Here is the Justice come again !*' which threw him into such a passion, that he dropt his mask and run out in a fury.

A topping meal-man in Smithfield, who had a very handsome wife, that was mightily giving to kissing in his absence, one day having taken his leave of her to go to St. Alban's to buy corn, he returned back (having forgot something) in an hour or two after he set out ; an apothecary of the neighbourhood, who was in bed with the mealman's wife, hearing the husband's voice, whipt out of bed, and hid himself, but left his breeches behind him upon the bed ; the mealman coming up, seized upon them, and found some gold in one fob, and a watch in t'other, both which he took out, and went his ways ; but as he past thro' his own shop, he was in a damn'd fury, and swore and curst, but nam'd no body : Some neighbours hearing him, ask'd him what was the matter ? '*Why truly, says he, a damn'd dog has pist in my entry, and if I could catch him, I would beat him till he stunk again.*'

A lady

A lady found fault with a gentleman's dancing, saying, 'that he straddled too much.' To which he replied, '*Madam, if you had that betwixt your legs, that I have between mine, you would straddle much more and wider.*'

Says a tall gentleman, going along with a little man, 'the people won't gaze so much at a pigmy, because I am in your company,' *yes, says the little man, they will gaze the more, to see me have an ass in my company, and not ride.*

One going in the dark, put forth his arms to prevent hitting his face, and running against the door, hit his nose; 'Hey-day, says he, I never thought my nose was longer than my arms; *if ever I go in the dark again I'll carry a candle in my hand.*'

A grave old country blade coming before a Judge, and taking his oath on a cause, he was bid to have a care what he swore, lest he went to the devil. 'I fear not that, replied he, by way of retort, for I have given him my eldest son, and he ought to be contented with one out of a family.' 'How's that, says the Judge, pray explain yourself?' '*Why truly I have made him a lawyer, and you know the Devil was a lawyer from the beginning.*' 'A liar, you mean,' said the other. — 'I know not, replied he, what distinction there may be made at London, but I'm sure, by sad experience, *we in the country know no difference between a lawyer and a liar.*'

A country-fellow, ditching by the way-side, happened, as some persons were riding along, to see a hundred pound bag drop out of a portmanteau; which he carefully took up and carried to his wife, without opening. She knowing him to be a soft-headed fellow, and fearing he would discover it, threw it aside, saying, 'What d'ye bring this pudding-bag of dirt to me for? you might as well have stopped a gap with it.'

'Truly,

—‘ Truly, sweetheart, says he, I found it, and thought it might have been worth something; but if it be’n’t, it is but my labour lost.’ ‘ Come, come, says she, you are simple, and must go to school, to learn to read and write, and then you may get into a better employment.’ —‘ E’en what you will, sweetheart,’ said he; and so the old blade was sent to learn his horn-book; till by the children’s laughing at him, he grew weary of it, and returned to his former business. The parties who had lost the money, upon their return from London, enquired all along the road, if any such bag was taken up; and remembering they had seen this man at work, asked him; who answered, yes; and his wife had it at home. So home they went with him, but the woman stiffly denied it, saying, he was foolish and phrensical, and sometimes talk’d idly, and therefore they ought not to give credit to what he said: But they insisting on it, she desired them to ask him when it was that he found it? ‘ Why, replied he) *among all the days of the year, I very well remember, it was the day before I first went to school.*’ At this they fell a laughing, and thinking indeed he was crack brained, departed, satisfied with what the woman had told them.

One (whose husband’s name was Bean) being delivered of two children at a burden, told the midwife she had been so troubled with wind all the time she was with child, that she wondered at it. The midwife said, ‘ *It was no marvel in regard her belly so long had been full of Beans.*’

A poor woman sent her son to a gentleman’s house; but he staying too long, to look upon a dog that was in a wheel turning of the spit, his mother beat him soundly for it; at which he muttered and mumbled, ‘ I am sure you would have staid as long if you had been there?’ She demanded the reason; ‘ *Oh! mother said he, it would have done you good to see how daintily a dog in a wheel spinned roast-meat.*’

The

The foreman of a jury thought fit to desire some of the witnesses in the cause before him, to be re-examined: One of the Judges told him, he gave the court a great deal of unnecessary trouble about what he believed he did not understand. 'Yes, but I do, says the honest man, as well as your lordship: 'Pray tell me then, says the judge, the meaning of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee*? 'With all my heart, replies the countryman, for example, 'If I nod at you I am the nodder; and if you nod again at me, your Lordship is the Noddee.

A certain parson sent his man one Sunday morning to one David's, a butcher, for some meat for his dinner. Mean while he went to church to preach, and having taken out his text, was reciting many authorities out of scripture for the proof of the same. 'And now says he, *what says David to this matter?* Just as he had said this, in steps his man at the church door, and hearing him talk of *David*, said aloud, 'No more meat, he swears, unless you pay him the old score.

In some merry company one bid another mend his jests, for they were all crack'd. 'They ought to be so, said he, *for it is no jest till it be broken.*'

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheapside; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it; another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman, that a man had stole his hat and run away with it, and asked him why he did not run after him? 'I am so d—d drunk, says he, *that I can hardly stand, and therefore I cannot run after him.*—'If that's the case, said the other, *I may safely venture to steal your wig;*' which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.

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S E L E C T
New and D I V E R T I N G
R I D D L E S.

With their EXPLANATIONS.

I Daily breathe, yet have no life,
And kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.

A pair of bellows.

MY voice is heard a mile or two,
I talk so very loud;

I speak when lovers cease to woo,
And when they wear a shroud.

A Bell.

MY master often lies with me,

His wife I oft enjoy;

Yet she's no whore, nor cuckold he,

And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,

They're neither coat nor gown;

Yet off both men and maidens, when

They're naked, have them on.

What's oft my belly is oft my back,

And what my feet, my head,

And tho' I'm up, I have a knack

Of being still a-bed.

A Bed.

I'M in ev'ry one's way, yet no christian I stop,

My four horns ev'ry day,

Horizontally play,

And my head is nail'd down at the top.

A Turnstile.

EVER eating, never cloying,

All devouring, all destroying,

Never finding full repast,

Till I eat the world at last.

Fire.

WHEN storms and tempests do abound,

You seeme black and most times round,

But when the sky's serene and fair,

I'm then cock'd up with shape and air.

A Hat.

I WAS to-morrow, but am to-day;

Yet shall be two days past, my namedisplay.

Yesterday.

MY head and tail both equal are,

My middle slender as a bee;

Whither I stand on head or heel,

'Tis all the same to you or me;

But if my head should be cut off,

The matter's true, although 'tis strange,

My head and body sever'd thus,

Immediately to nothing change!

A Figure of Eight.

OF a gigantick form I'm made,

Four arms I have beside;

A mouth I have that's very wide,

A belly large I have beside;

A stomach great I mostly have,

Tho' mostly feeding yet I crave;

As much I every day devour,

As forty men would keep, or more:

Yet I sometimes do surfeit take,

And nothing eat perhaps a week;

And tho' I often go and move,

And night and day about do rove,

Yet I am dead, and nothing know,

Nor from my first place ever go.

A Windmill.

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ONE father had 12 sons, these each a race
Of 30 daughters with a double face ;
Their looks are black and white successively,
They all immortal are, and yet all die.

The Year.

READER, philosophers agree,
‘ What has been may be’—may be not ;
I have been, am not, cannot be,
Wish’d to be, and I was not—what ?

A Maidenhead.

WITH what the element produces,
It serves my turn for best of uses ;
When hot and feeble in their beds,
I make them raise their drooping heads.

A water pot.

MY head it is large, and ragged I’m sure,
And the ladies to touch me they cannot endure,
But order their maids to use me at their will,
And we do what we can, and exert our best skill.

A mop.

I WATCH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot ;
I take them all in top, (to add to your wonder,
Tho’ many and various, and large and afunder,
Without jostling or crowding, they pass side by side,
Thro’ a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide.

An Eye

BELIEVE what I say, tho’ in my own case,
Is not either fable or lie,
Sleek and round, all that’s witty at once I embrace,
Three corner’d appear to your eye.
Gold and silver I wear when I chuse to be fine,
With lords and with ladies I come ;
In a coat black as jet I commonly shine,
Except when I travel from Rome.

A Hat.

IN a small cell I live, that is arch’d over head,
Not with stone, brick, or plaister, wood, silver, or lead.

An Oyster.

An

An ingenious COLLECTION of
CONUNDRUMS.

WHO was the first man that bore arms ?
Adam.

Why are Bishops call'd overseers ?

Because they overlook their flocks, and especially themselves.

Why are the flocks like a paper kite ?

Because they are raised, lowered, and kept up by wind.

What kind of water is most deceitful ?

Woman's tears.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot ?

Because it is out of the head.

Why are concave glasses like liars ?

Because they will magnify.

Why do fantastical ladies admire fops ?

Because they keep their follies in countenance.

Why have elephants teeth been the ruin of many families ?

Because dice are made of them.

Why do we buy new shoes ?

Because no one will give them us.

Why is a cane like Sunday ?

Because it hangs on some men's hands.

Why is a grave-digger like a waterman ?

Because he handles skulls.

Why is a parson's gown like charity ?

Because it covers a multitude of sins.

Why

Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?

Because he often puts in his oar.

Why is the House of Commons like an account-book?

Because there are many cyphers in it.

Why is a picture like a member of parliament?

Because it is a representative.

Why is money like a whip?

Because it makes the mare to go.

Why is a madman like two men?

Because he is one beside himself.

Why is swearing like an old coat?

Because it is a bad habit.

Why is a milkman like a sailor?

Because he gets his bread by water.

Why is a lady, when painted, like a pyrate?

Because she hangs out false colours.

Why is a looking-glass like experience?

Because it lets you see yourself.

Why is a company of ladies like a ring of bells?

Because their clappers go merrily.

Why is a dancing-master like a cook?

Because he cuts capers.

Why is beauty like a flower?

Because it fades.

Why are the city patriots like a light guinea?

Because they want weight.

Why is Mr. Pitt like a cypher?

Because, when he stands by himself, he is useless.

Why is King George like a steeple?

Because he is the head of the church.

Why is a talkative fellow like a sheep's head?

Because he is all jaw.

Where should a lady clap her hands, if a man should enter a room when she is quite naked?

On the man's eyes.

Why is a taylor like a sprout?

Because he will cabbage.

Why is a good sermon like a plumb-pudding?

Because there are reasons in it.

Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

Because it wants mending.

Why is a filly-fellow like a feather-bed?

Because he is soft.

Why is thy wig, reader, like a butcher's shop?

Because there's a calf's head in it.

Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack?

Because he serves but a year.

Why is a man on horseback like a fan?

Because he is mounted.

Why is tragedy like an army on a march?

Because it is moving.

What's that that's often heard, often felt, and never
seen? — *Wind.*

Why is a poor man like a cucumber?

Because he is seedy.

Why is a lusty man like a tallow-chandler's shop?

Because he rolls in fat.

Why is a fullen lady like a pigeon?

Because she pouts.

Why is a comb like a crocodile?

*Because it hath long teeth, a narrow back, and hunts the
living.*

Why is the King of France like a close stool?

Because those that wait on him are all bare.

What is a man like in the midst of a desert, without
meat or drink?

Like to be starved.

Why are lawyers the best parsons?

Because they bring most to repentance.

Why is a tavern like a table?

Because it has drawers in it.

Why is a condemned malefactor like a cannon?

Because he is cast.

Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading
strings?

Because he is mis-led.

Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle?

Because he is light-headed.

Why is a fish-hook like a bull?

Because it is sometimes baited.

Why is a little man like a good book?

Because he is often looked over.

Why is a woman with child like a gentleman?

Because she shows her breeding.

Why is man like a melon?

Because best risen in a hot-bed.

Why is marriage like a curtain?

Because it serves for a blind.

Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague?

Because she is in Holland.

Why is a red hair'd lady like a band of soldiers?

Because she bears fire-locks.

Why is a Scotch coal like a true lover?

Because it burns with a pure flame.

Why is the book called the Whole Duty of Man like a pair of breeches?

Because it contains the duty of an husband to his wife.

Why is Wales like a neck of mutton?

Because it is craggy.

Why is claret like an oath?

Because it is binding.

Why is a peevish man like a watch?

Because he is often wound up.

Why is a pretty lady like an oat-cake?

Because she is often toasted.

Why is a passionate man like a lady's smock?

Because he is generally ruffled.

Why is a false note like a bar of iron?

Because it is forged.

What is that which God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet was made, and has a soul to be saved?

A cuckold.

Why are sleepy eyes like amber?

Because they draw straws.

Why is a man in debt like a nobleman?

Because he has many to wait on him.

Why are a parcel of rakes like a pack of bad hounds?

Because they are sad dogs.

NEW and ENTERTAINING
R E B U S S E S ;

With their SOLUTIONS.

ONE of the softest things in nature,
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

Miss Cotton.

THE pleasure of the sportsman's chace,
The pledge in matrimonial case,
With twenty hundred weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my bride.

Miss Harrington.

WHAT's done when we buy, and done when we play,
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

Miss Selwin.

THE mate of a cock, and fore-runner of wheat,
The grace of a cat, and the house of a hermit,
Is the name of a man, who was in music compleat.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

WHAT's vulgarly John,
And a child that is male,
Will name a fine girl,
But wonderful frail.

Miss Jackson.

THE thing the old and sickly fear,
Will name the girl I love most dear.

Miss Frost.

WHAT we say of a man that's greedy and keen,
Will name you at once the girl that I mean.

Miss Sharp.

TAKE the name of a circle, the delight of a boy,
Which often encloses what fills us with joy,
And the half of a dyer, will plainly discover,
The girl who shall ever have me for a lover.

Miss Hooper.

WHAT we say when a bottle no more will contain,
And add what it is to do wrong :
And thus you'll the name of my charmer explain,
To whom all the graces belong.

Miss Fuller.

AN animal's name, that in park doth reside,
Or a name by which cuckold's are known,
And a fine piece of ground, it will name you a bride,
Whom I could have wish'd for my own.

Miss Buckland.

WHAT old folks in cold weather do,
Join'd to a thing that warriors use,
Will name an English poet true,
Who is the subject of my muse.

Shakespeare.

WHAT we say of a sailor,
That's gallant and stout,
Will name a young lady,
Who loves me—no doubt.

Miss Hardy.

THE name of a liquor,
In London well known,
Will name a fair maid,
Whom I wish was my own.

Miss Porter.

THE thing that gamesters hope to find,
Will name a girl that's fair and kind.

Miss Luck.

WHAT British sailors often do,
Will name a girl that's fair and true.

Miss Dare.

THE thing that all men wish to gain,
Will name a girl that's proud and vain.

Miss Fame.

MY waistcoat, coat, and breeches too,
Expose my charmer's name to view;
And every porter's brawny thigh,
Can tell her name as well as I.

Miss Buttons.

WHAT's warm to the earth, and in win'er oft seen,
What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,
Will quickly discover the damsel I mean.

Miss Snow.

WHAT death puts us all on, and heirs that are male,
Is the name of a smart whose father fold ale.

Mr. Parsons.

THE sea-port of Dublin, and the hero's desire,
Is the name of a peer whom all must admire.

Earl of Chesterfield.

THE greatest noise on Sundays made,
Tells us her name in masquerade,
Whom I must kiss, or be a shade.

Miss Bell.

TAKE the devil's short name, and much more than a
yard
You've the name of a dame I shall ever regard.

Miss Nickells.

WHAT in man is a grace, and in woman a joke,
Or what foreigners swear by, when wrath does provoke;
Or when remov'd is wash'd and clean after,
Is the name of a man who has won a lord's daughter.

Mr. Beard.

THAT is a sweet thing, if you could it obtain,
Would refresh you, and make you forget ev'ry pain,
Restore your lost spirits, dispel all your fears,
Your sorrows divert, and dry up your tears,
If you guess what it is, you will then know the dame,
Who, tho' colder than ice, can make all others flame.

Miss Knap.

A COLLECTION of Excellent EPIGRAMS,
Merry STORIES,
Droll EPITAPHS, &c. &c.

Truth told at last.

SAYS Colin in rage (contradicting his wife)
' You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vext, Fanny no way could this thesis allow,
You're a cuckold, says she, Do I tell you truth now ?'

The prudent Last.

NINE months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to-bed;
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd by the noise;
But when Florimel chose to lye privately in,
Twelve months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal
Learn husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

On a lady's writing her design of not marrying, on a window

THE fair one who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, because it should be broke.

The Feather.

IN Florimel's arms, as quite out of breath,
 I'll kiss thee my charmer, I'll kiss thee to death,
 Cry'd Thyrsis in raptures,—but soon on her breast,
 He sunk down his head, and compos'd him to rest.
 Not long had they lain thus unactive together,
 E'er the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolster a feather;
 And grasping him hard, till he open'd his eyes,
 In a tone of derision, the witty one cries—
 To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
 I resolve with this feather, to chop off your head.

The Storm.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
 Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd confess,
 Were transferred as they thought, from themselves to
 the Priest,
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss the poor parson soule into the ocean.

Chloe's Petition.

CHLOE, at church, with looks devout,
 Was overheard to say,—
 'My morning-glass is almost out,
 An husband, Lord, I pray!'

A drollish spark who by her sat,
 Determin'd for a joke,
 Cried out, with voice effeminate,
 As though an angel spoke—

'Chloe thou shalt not die a maid,
 'Thou hast neglected been;'—
 'Thank you, good spirit,' Chloe said,
 And loudly cry'd, 'Amen.'

Extempore. On Miss Gunning.

CUPID, one day, to show his cunning,
 Laid by his bow, and took to Gun-ning.

The good Wife's Wish.

GIVE some wives an inch, Sir; and they'll take an ell,
 Mine takes but a yard then, and says 'tis as well.

The Caution.

SAYS Roger to his wife, my dear!
 The strangest piece of news I hear:
 An edict soon the land will pass
 To purge the matrimonial class.—
 Cuckolds, if any such there be,
 Must to a man be thrown in th' sea.
 She smiling, cry'd, 'my dear, you seem
 ' Surpriz'd! pray han't you learn to swim?

The Hosier.

ONE day a dainty footed dame
 For stockings to a hosier came:
 ' Sir, they must be of finest silk,
 As thin as gauze, as white as milk.'—
 ' Madam, I'll look you out a pair,
 Shall suit your ladyship to a hair—
 These, madam, these, I'll answer for't:—
 ' These! no Sir, these are much too short,
 And never were design'd for me,
 Because I tie, above the knee.'—
 ' Above the knee!—God bless the king,
 Aye, please your ladyship—there's the thing.

Acrostic on a Macaroni.

MUCH gaudy show, but little solid sense,
A pocket totally devoid of pence:
Curious in trifles—dead to all that's good,
A bunch of patches, hung on flesh and blood;
Resolv'd to set the fashion of the day,
Or hiss the loudest at the last new play.
No one like him can dance, or prate, or sing,
In sense an ape—in fancy he's a king.

On a Gentleman who died a day after his Lady.

SHE first departed ; he for one day try'd
To live without her ; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Epitaph.

ALAS ! no more I could survive,
For I am dead and not alive :
And thou in time no longer shalt survive,
But be as dead as any man alive.

Another.

HERE lies a man, who labour'd hard,
Did break his neck in twain ;
He broke his neck, and broke his neck, and broke his
neck again.

Another.

Beneath this stone lies Johnny Garret,
Who kill'd himself, by drinking claret.

Epitaph on Mr. Fenton. By Mr. Pope.

THIS modest stone, which few vain marbles can,
May truly say,—here lies an honest man !
A poet bless'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great ;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace ;
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear ;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd :

Epitaph.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
Took wise St. Paul's advice, and all things try'd ;
Nor stop she here ; but follow'd thro' the rest,
And always stuck the longest to the best.

Betty's Thought.

AH, me ! quoth Betty, who could e'er have thought,
Such mischief could arise almost from nought ?
Which had she known e'er she began to swell,
Each yard of pleasure she'd have made an ell.

The Young Lady's Choice.

LET the bold youth, who aims to win me, know,
 I hate a fool, a clown, a sot, a beau ;
 I loath a sloven, I despise a cit,
 I scorn a coxcomb, and I fear a wit.
 Let him be gentle, brave, good-humour'd, gay,
 Let him, in smaller things, with pride obey ;
 Yet wise enough in great ones to command ;
 Produce me but the youth, and here's my hand.

The contented Cuckold.

POOOR George, when he heard that his wife was in
 labour,
 Invited each useful, respectable neighbour ;
 Her groans were so loud that they melted his heart,
 And he rail'd at himself as the cause of her smart ;
 ' Wipe your cyes, George, said she, and from weeping
 refrain,
 ' I cannot blame *you* as the cause of my pain.'

An extraordinary specimen of generous Oeconomy.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
 Lent me ten guineas.—Come, said I,
 Give me a pen, it is but fair
 You take my note.—Quoth he, hold there,
 Jack! to the cash I've bid adieu,
 No need to waste my paper too.

On a Buck.

HERE lye I must,
 Quite choaked with dust,
 And destin'd to be sober ;
 Ye Bucks take care,
 How you come here,
 For, faith here's no October.

On a Man and his Wife.

HERE lies honest Strephon, with Mary his bride,
 Who merrily liv'd, and cheertully tied ;
 They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while they
 were able,
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.

By Mr. Walsb.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks at men no more,
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

Liar's compared.

SUCH a liar is Tom, there's none can lie faster,
Excepting his maid, and she'll lie with her master.

To a Lady sitting cross-legged for a Gentleman at cards.

WHAT various charms can Celia boast,
By nature thus befriended;
Whose legs are both a charm, when cross'd,
And charming, when extended!

The Kiss

AN am'rous wag once sought the bliss,
To steal a soft and balmy kiss!
When Sylvia stamp'd (and some say, swore)
That he should gain the prize no more:
He smil'd, and said, if 'tis such pain,
Pray, miss, return it back again.

John's Reproof.

A House-maid once took great delight
Oft at the looking-glass, Sir,
Nor in, nor out the room—but she
—Must squint—or could not pass, Sir,

This flattering glass was chiefly set,
Upon the chamber window;
Her face to tempt the men she thought
A charming inuendo.

One day, as she surveying stood
Her callico sweet skin, Sir,
Pleas'd to the life—while thus she gaz'd,
The man tripp'd slyly in, Sir.

A rough-hewn chap, of manners void,
Possess'd of some low wit, Sir,
Ow'd Kate a grudge—and now he thought
Of vanity he'd twist her.

First stood awhile—then silence broke,
And strait began to teaze her,
Then bluntly cry'd—consider Kate
• You're nothing but mop-squeezer.

A true Maid

NO, no, for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die.
Behind the elms, last night, quoth Dick,
Rose, were you not—extremely sick?

Dutch and French.

THOMAS in High-Dutch once did court a wench,
And to his cost, she answered him in French.

On Chloe.

PRITHEE is not Miss Chloe's a comical case?
She lends out her tail, and she borrows a face.

Solid Worth in a Wife.

WHEN Loveless married lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
Ask'd the maid what meat there was within?
Cow-heels, she answered, and a breast of mutton;
But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no glutton,
Either of these shall serve;—to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is best;—
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
In the morning took his heels, and ran away.

The Rapture.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms;
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous pain;
All men must die, (bright boy, you know)
Ere they can rise again.

The Penance.

WHEN Phillis confess'd—the father was rash,
 And so, without further reflection,
 Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
 While himself would bestow the correction :
 Her husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
 That he in regard to her weakness,
 And to save her soft back, would himself bear the
 scourging,
 With humble submission and meekness.
 She piously cry'd, when the priest gave accord,
 To shew what devotion was in her,
 He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
 For, alas ! I'm a very great sinner.

On Mary Creswell.

UNDERNEATH this stone lies one,
 Whom many times I've lain upon;
 I've kiss'd her sitting, standing, lying,
 When she rises again, have at her flying.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
 But dead as a door-nail, God be thanked.

To a Sempstress.

OH, what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance :
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art ;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart,

*Wrote on the door of the Angel Inn, on the road to New-
 market, which was kept by two Sisters, but just then shut
 up, and the sign taken down.*

Christian, and Grace
 Liv'd in this place,
 An angel kept the door,
 But Christian's dead,
 The angel's fled,
 And Grace is turn'd a whore.

On Snuff.

JOVE once resolv'd, the females to degrade,
 To propagate their sex without their aid;
 His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs and brows
 He felt, nor cou'd th' unnat'ral birth disclose;
 At last, when try'd, no remedy wou'd do.
 The god took *snuff*, and out the goddess flew.

The Numscull.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

The Bibloquet.

AS Celia with her catcher play'd,
 Young Damon standing by,
 With am'rous looks the wanton maid,
 He tofs'd the ball the picked way,
 Gave Damon it to try;
 But could not stick it on;
 Fumbler, cry'd she, I'll better play
 With *two*, than you with *one*.

To an old woman who used art.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress
 And nature's failing honest'y confess;
 Double we see those faults which art would mend,
 Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick,
 While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

On a famous Toast at Oxford.

ONE single stone now keeps poor Kitty down,
 Who when alive mov'd half the stones in town.

The various humours of Mankind.

GIVE me a charming lass, young Rakish cries,
 I know no happiness but love's sweet joys.
 Give me the bottle, says the red-fac'd sot,
 Damn whores, they are not worth a single pot.

For

For fights and families the poet raves ;
 The learn'd philosopher true knowledge craves ;
 The parson for a benefice lays wait ;
 The proud man covets to be rich and great.
 The lover courts to gain a blissful spot,
 And nice *Sir Courtly* wants—he knows not what,
 The soldier loves to conquer, when he fights,
 And in the plunder of the town delights.
 The lustful matron seeks a strong gallant,
 The ripe young virgin does a husband want.
 But I, poor I, want ev'ry thing by turns,
 Except a scolding wife, and cuckold's horns.

A Receipt to make an Epigram.

A Pleasing subject first with care provide ;
 Your matter must with nature be supply'd ;
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long,
 Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong ;
 In proper places, proper numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;
 Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
 But the slow spondee coming thoughts suspends ;
 Your last attention on the sting bestow,
 To that your good or ill success you'll owe ;
 For there wit alone must shine, but humour flow.
 Observing these, your epigram's compleated ;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
 But take his word for't ; Hal's not worth a groat.

A Pun.

A RAGGED prig extoll'd himself
 As born of men of note ;
 Cries Blunt—' You've got a coat of arms,
 ' But no arms to your coat.'

The Lady's Choice.

A MAN that's neither high nor low,
 In party, nor in stature ;
 No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And

And let him be no learned fool,
That nods o'er musty books ;
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd ;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

The SPIDER and the BEE.

A FABLE.

OPPRESSORS never want excuse
To varnish o'er their deeds,
They still can palliate each abuse—
He's *guiltless* that *succeeds*.

A *Spider*, with mechanic pow'r,
His net insidious drew,
Near where a *Bee*, at ev'ning hour,
Secure of treach'ry flew.

Queen of the roseat bow'r, her thighs
With fragrant *thyme* were bound,
While still from flow'r to flow'r she flies,
In sportive airy round.

Thus, thoughtless, as her course she kept,
She struck th' envenom'd loom,
When from his den the felon crept,
And strait pronounc'd her doom:

Pity in vain she hopes to draw,
Where none could e'er abide :
Necessity (the tyrant's law)
He urges on his side.

• Bees were, (he said) his destin'd prey,
• And she his food must be ;
But better fortune found the way
To set the captive free.

The

The net, which she incessant shakes,
 Its flimsy hold foregoes;
 And as its texture sudden breaks,
 To earth the Spider throws.

A Sparrow, from a thicket near,
 His plight with joy espies;
 His late discourse he chanc'd to hear,
 And hastes to seize his prize.

But now th' oppressor, aptly caught,
 A thousand arts essays,
 And, by his fears, submission taught
 For life he earnest prays.

'Thy worthless life,' the Sparrow cry'd,
 'Still work'd thy neighbour's woe;
 'Thy death alone, if well apply'd,
 'Can ought of good bestow.

'The Bee, thy malice would destroy,
 'To merit has pretence;
 'But still it is thy only joy
 'To ruin innocence.'

'Or if thou plead'st necessity,
 'To cover thy design;
 'If Bees are destin'd prey for thee,
 'So Spiders too are mine.

So in the end (my friend) shall fare
 Th' oppressor and the cheat;
 And tho' they weave their webs with care,
 The Spider's fate shall meet.

On Nan.

NAN's nose hangs down so low, one would suppose,
 When e'er she gapes, that Nan would eat her nose.

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On Peg.

PEG lets her husband boast of rules and riches,
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

On Poverty.

IF poor thou art, thou ever may'st be so,
Few men do gifts, but on the rich bestow.

On a Madman.

ONE ask'd a madman, if a wife he had?
A wife, quoth he, I never was so mad.

Epigram.

ONE wept, and stamp'd, and scratch'd his head,
Because his darling wife was dead!
Says one (who near the numscull stood)
It is a dish of cold meat good,
I wish at home, your wife I'd got,
And you my vixen scalding hot.

Another.

A FOOL had a bow, and loudly did hoot,
Ev'ry cuckold in England, he surely won'd shoot.
Quoth a wife, dearest husband, pray come from the spot?
Don't you hear what he says, and see what he's got?
Like a hog that was stuck he star'd in surprize!
I hope I'm no cuckold, the good man replies:
She simper'd and smil'd, and answered thus smart,
'But an arrow may glance thro' the obstinate heart.'

Epitaph on a woman. By her Husband.

TREAD gently, friend, lest you disturb her rest,
And strait discover how I once was blest:
Her nimble tongue will ring you such a peel,
'Twill make you stare, and with confusion reel,
Nay more, she will so serenade your ears,
You'll hardly hear the bells that ring to pray'rs.

THO' wedlock by most men be reckon'd a curse,
Three wives I did marry for better for worse;
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
The third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

*The New Year's Gift. Presented with a Pair of Silk
Stockings to a young Lady.*

TO please the fair, in courtly lays,
The poet plays his part,
One tenders snuff—another praise—
A tooth-pick,—or a heart.
Alike they all, to gain their end,
Peculiar arts disclose,
While I submissive, only send
An humble pair of hose.—
Long may they guard from cold and harm,
The snowy legs that wear 'em,
And kindly spread their influence warm,
To every thing that's near them.

Verses on a Farmer's Daughter.

LET wanton bards a nymph implore,
Which they in fancy'd colours dress;
A real goddess I adore,
For Betty, sure, is nothing less!
When Betty roasts or boils the meat,
She does it with such charming skill,
With more than common gout I eat,
And never think I have my fill.—
When Betty hands the wine around,
Her eyes to nectar change the grape,
Its power does the heart confound,
And lets the weaker head escape.
Her words as soft as zephyrs blow,
And must with all mankind prevail;
Her breasts as white as puddings shew,
She smiles as sweet as bottled ale.
When e'er my passion I repeat,
Or try her lovely form to embrace,
She does with rage my transports meet,
And hurls the dish-clout in my face:
No longer, Betty, frown and fight,
Nor to your swain a kiss deny;
But let me safely sip delight,
And lay th' uplifted patten by.

F I N I S.